

THE ATHENÆUM.

MARCH, 1833.

LYRICAL POETRY, BY PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and from the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.
I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
 Its ardors of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
 Is the million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursing of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

The following exquisite lines will be acknowledged by all to belong to the class under which we have ranked them. But let the song speak for itself.

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR.

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark the silent stream—
The champak odors fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;

The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart,
As I must on thine,
Beloved as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
My heart beats loud and fast,
Oh ! press it close to thine again,
Where it will break at last.

Change the measure. Here is tempest and rage conjured up by impassioned words.

THE FUGITIVES.

I.

The waters are flashing,
The white hail is dashing,
The lightnings are glancing,
The hoar-spray is dancing,
Away !

The whirlwind is rolling,
The thunder is tolling,
The forest is swinging,
The minister bells ringing—
Come away !

The earth is like ocean,
Wreck-strewn and in motion :
Bird, beast, man, and worm,
Have crept out of the storm—
Come away !

II.

' Our boat has one sail,
And the helmsman is pale ;
A bold pilot I throw,
Who should follow us now, '—
Shouted He—

And she cried : ' Ply the oar !
Put off gaily from shore ! '—
As she spoke, bolts of death
Mixed with hail, specked their path
O'er the sea.

And from isle, tower and rock,
The blue beacon cloud broke,
And though dumb in the blast,
The red cannon flashed fast
From the lee.

III.

' And fear'st thou, and fear'st thou ?
And see'st thou, and hear'st thou ?
And drive we not free
O'er the terrible sea,
I and thou ? '

One boat-cloak did cover
The loved and the lover—
Their blood beats one measure,
They murmur proud pleasure
Soft and low ;—

While around the lashed ocean,
Like mountains in motion,
Is withdrawn and uplifted,
Sunk, shattered and shifted
To and fro.

IV.

In the court of the fortress
Beside the pale portress,
Like a blood-hound well beaten,
The bridegroom stands, eaten
By shame ;

On the topmost watch-turret,
As a death-boding spirit,
Stands the grey tyrant father,
To his voice the mad weather,
Seems tame ;

And with curses as wild
As ere clung to child,
He devotes to the blast
The best, loveliest and last
Of his name !

Beauty comes most fitly after terror, like sunshine after storm.

THE ISLE.

There was a little lawny islet
 By anemone and violet,
 Like mosaic, paven;
 And its roof was flowers and leaves
 Which the summer's breath enweaves,
 Where nor sun, nor shower, nor breeze,
 Pierce the pines and tallest trees,
 Each a gem engraven.
 Girt by many an azure wave
 With which the clouds and mountains pave
 A lake's blue chasin.

Amid the rich variety which the poet has left us, it is difficult to choose, but opening the book at random we select—

THE HYMN OF PAN.

From the forests and highlands
 We come, we come;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thyme,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the line,
 And the lizards below in the grass,
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Peneus was flowing,
 And all dark Tempe lay
 In Pelion's shadow, outgrowing
 The light of the dying day,
 SPEEDED BY MY SWEET PIPINGS.

The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns,
 And the brink of the dewy caves,
 And all that did then attend and follow
 Were silent with love, as you now, Apollo,
 With envy of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars,
 I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth,—
 And then I changed my pipings,—
 Singing how down the vale of Menalus
 I pursued a maiden and clasped a reed;
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus!
 It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed:
 All wept, as I think both ye now would,
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood,
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

THE GRIDIRON.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equalled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont upon certain festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, who was exceedingly fond of what he termed his '*thravels*,' and in whom, a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and perhaps, more than all, long and faithful services, had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics, who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, 'I'll turn that rascal off,' my friend Pat would say, 'troth you won't, sir;' and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the 'subject matter in hand,' he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former service—general good conduct—or the delinquent's 'wife and childher,' that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing; on such merry meetings as I have alluded to, the master, after making certain 'approaches,' as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: 'By-the-by, Sir John (addressing a distinguished guest) Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself,) you remember that queer adventure you had in France.'

'Throth I do sir,' grins forth Pat.

'What!' exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, 'was Pat ever in France?'

'Indeed he was,' cries mine host; and Pat adds,—'Ay, and farther, plaze your honor.'

'I assure you, Sir John,' continues my host, 'Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French.'

'Indeed!' rejoins the baronet; 'Really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people.'

'Throth, then, they're not, sir,' interrupts Pat.

'Oh, by no means,' adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

'I believe, Pat, 'twas when you were crossing the Atlantic?' says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the 'full and true account' (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for 'a rason he had,' in the autumn of the year ninety-eight.)

'Yes, sir,' says Pat, 'the broad Atlantic,' a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost as the Atlantic itself.

'It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a comin' home,' began Pat, decoyed into the recital; 'when the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the *Colleen dhas* (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

'Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choak'd (divil choak them for that same,) and av coorse the wather gained on us, and throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it, and faith I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever; accordingly we prepared for the worst, and

put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits, and a cashk o' pork, and a kag o' wather, and a thrife o' rum aboard, and any other little matters we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and faith there was no time to be lost, for my darlint, the *Colleen dhas* went down like a lump o' lead, afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

'Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the ind av a pole as well as we could, and then we saild iligant, for we darn't show a stich o' canvass the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher o' the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

'Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canopy iv heaven, and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic—not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together—and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits and the wather, and the rum—throth *that* was gone first o' all—God help uz—and, oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face—"Oh, murther, murther, captain darlint," says I, "I wish we could see land any where," says I.

"More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy," says he, "for sitch a good wish, and throth it's myself wishes the same."

"Oh," says I, "that it may plaze you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island," says I, "inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Christians as to refuse us a bit and a sup."

"Whisht, whisht, Paddy," says the captain, "don't be talking bad of any one," says he; "you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint," says he.

"Throe for you, captain darlint," says I—I called him darlint, and made free wid him, you see, bekase disthress makes uz all equal—"throe for you, captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite," and throth that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was served out, and by gor the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowl—well, at the brake o'day the sun riz most beautiful out o' the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as cryshthal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin' to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land—by gor I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minnit, and "thunder an turf, captain," says I, "look to leeward," says I.

"What for?" says he.

"I think I see the land," says I. So he ups with his bring-'m-near—(that's what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

"Hurra;" says he, "we're all right now; pull away, my boys," says he.

"Take care you're not mistaken," says I; "may-be it's only a fog-bank, captain darlint," says I.

"Oh, no," says he, "it's the land in airnest."

"Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we captain?" says I, "maybe it id be in *Roosia*, *Proosia*, or the Garmant Oceant," says I.

"Tut, you fool," says he—for he had that consaited way wid him—

thinkin' himself cleverer nor any one else—"tut, you fool," says he, "that's *France*," says he.

"Tare an ouns," says I, "do you tell me so? and how do you know it's *France* it is, captain dear?" says I.

"Bekase this is the Bay o' Bishky we're in now," says he.

"Throth I was thinkin' so myself," says I, "by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard o' that same;" and throth the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help o' God, never will."

"Well, with that my heart began to grow light, and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever—so, says I, "Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron."

"Why then," says he, "thunder and turf," says he, "what puts a gridiron into your head?"

"Bekase I'm starvin' with the hunger," says I.

"And sure, bad luck to you," says he, "you couldn't ate a gridiron," says he, "barrin' you wor a *pelican o' the wilderness*," says he.

"Ate a gridiron!" says I; "och, in throth I'm not sich a *gommo*ch all out as that, any how. But sure, if we had a gridiron, we could dress a beef-steak," says I.

"Arrah; but where's the beaf-steak?" says he.

"Sure, couldn't we cut a slice aff the pork," says I.

"Be gor, I never thought o' that," says the captain. "You're a clever fellow, Paddy," says he, laughin'.

"Oh, there's many a thrue word said in joke," says I.

"Thru for you, Paddy," says he.

"Well, then," says I, "if you put me ashore there beyant' (for we were nearin' the land all the time,) "and sure I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I.

"Oh, by gor, the butther's comin' out o' the stirabout in airnist now," says he, "you *gommo*ch," says he, "sure I towld you before that's *France*—and sure they're all furriners* there," says the captain.

"Well," says I, "and how do you know but I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim."

"What do you mane?" says he.

"I mane," says I "what I towld you, that I'm as good a furriner myself as any o' thim."

"Make me sinsible," says he.

"By dad, may be that's more nor me, or greater nor me could do," says I, and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I'd pay him off for his bit o' consait about the Garmant Occant.

"Lave aff your humbuggin," says he, "I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane, at all at all."

"*Parley voo frongsay*," says I.

"Oh, your humble sarvant," says he; "why by gor, your a scholar, Paddy."

"Throth, you may say that," says I.

"Why you're a clever fellow, Paddy," says the captain, jerin' like.

"You're not the first that said that," says I, "whether you joke or no."

"Oh, but I'm in airnest," says the captain; "and do you tell me, Paddy," says he, "that you spake Frinch?"

"*Parley voo frongsay*," says I.

* Foreigners.

"By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows that Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o' you Paddy," says he: "pull away boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won't get a good bellyful beforelong."

"So with that, it was no sooner said nor done: they pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek, and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white strand—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got—and its stiff enough in my limbs I was, after bein' cramp'd up in the boat, and perished with the cowl'd and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or other, tow'rds a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin' out of it, quite timptin' like.

"By the powdher's o' war, I'm all right," says I; "there's a house there;" and sure enough there was, and a parcel of men, women, and childer, ating their dinner round a table, quite convaynient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I'd be very civil to them, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p'lite intirely; and I thought I'd show them I knew what good manners was.

"So I took aff my hat, and making a low bow, says I, "God save all here," says I.

"Well, to be sure, they all stopt ating at wanst, and begun to stare at me; and, faith, they almost look'd me out o' countenance; and I thought to myself it was not good manners at all—more betoken from furriners, which they call so mighty p'lite; but I never minded that, in regard o' wantin' the gridiron; and so says I, "I beg your pardon," says I, "for the liberty I take, but it's only bein' in disthress in regard of ating," says I, "that I make bowld to trouble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "I'd be intirely obleeged to ye."

"By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before; and with that, says I (knowin' what was in their minds,) "Indeed, it's thrue for you," says I, "I'm tattered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it's by raison of the storm," says I, "which dhruv us ashore here below, and we're all starvin'," says I.

"So then they began to look at each other agin; and myself, seeing at wanst dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they took me for a poor beggar, coming to crave charity—with that, says I, "Oh! not at all," says I, "by no manes, we have plenty o' mate ourselves, there below, and we'll dhress it," says I, "if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron," says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth they stared at me twice worse nor ever; and, faith, I began to think that may be the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, "I beg pardon sir," says I, to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver, "maybe I'm undher a mistake," says I; "but I thought I was in France, sir; an't you furriners?" says I; "*Parly voo frongsay?*"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "if you plase?"

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had siven heads; and faith, myself began to feel flustered like, and onaisy—and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape agin, "I know it's a liberty I take, sir," says I, "but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away, and if you plase, sir," says I, "*Parly voo frongsay?*"

"We, munseer," says he, mighty sharp.

"Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?" says I, "and you'll obleege me."

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he'd gi' me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and throth my blood begun to rise, and says I, "By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress," says I, "and if it was to ould Ireland you kem' it's not only the gridiron they'd give you, if you ax'd it, but something to put an it too, and the dhrup o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*."

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wonst more, quite slow, that he might understand, *Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?"

"We munseer," says he.

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and bad scram to you."

"Well, bad win to the bit of it he'd gi' me, and the ould chap begins bowin' and scrapin', and said something or other about a long tongs.*

"Phoo!—the divil sweep yourself and your tongs," says I, "I don't want a tongs at all at all; but can't you listen to raison," says I—" *Parly voo frongsay*?"

"We, munseer."

"Then lind me the loan of a gridiron," says I, "and howld your prate."

"Well, what would you think but he shook his owld noddle as much as to say he wouldn't; and so says I, "Bad cess to the likes o' that I ever seen—throth if you wor in my counthry it's not that-a-way they'd use you; the curse o' the crows an you, you owld sinner," says I, "the divil a longer I'll darken your door."

"So he sern I was vex'd, and I thought as I was turnin' away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience throubled him; and, says I, turnin' back, "Well I'll give you one chance more—you owld thief—are you a Christhan at all at all? are you a furriner?" says I, "that all the world call so p'lite. Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? *Parly voo frongsay*?" says I.

"We munseer," says he.

"Then thunder an turf," says I, "will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?"

"Well, sir, the divil resave the bit of it he'd gi' me—and so with that, "The curse o' the hungry an you, you owld negarly villian," says I; "the back o' my hand and the sowl o' my fut to you; that you may want a gridiron yourself yit," says I; "and wherever I go, high and low, rich and poor, shall hear o' you," says I; and with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and in throth it's often sense, that *I thought that it was remarkable*."

* Some mystification of Paddy's touching the French *n'entends*.

MEMOIRS OF DR. BURNEY.*

A new work by the authoress of *Evelina* and *Camilla* ! 'This alone were a god-send. Memoirs, too, of a very distinguished man, and of one who was the intimate personal friend of nearly all the most distinguished of the day in which he lived. Moreover, those memoirs written by the authoress of works, unique for the purity and truth of their delineation of those passions of the human heart, and movements of the human mind, the reflections of which, constitute the chief value of memoir writing. Such are some of the *à priori* claims of these forthcoming volumes ; and from what we have hitherto examined of their contents, those claims will be fully realized in the memoirs of Dr. Burney. In the mean time, we have been favored with the means of laying extracts from them before our readers ; and as the work will not be before the world for some weeks, we shall avail ourselves copiously of these means, and the more so that we meet at every page with passages singularly characteristic of the celebrated persons to which the volumes so copiously refer. A general estimate of the work itself, we shall in fairness delay till it is before us in its completed state.

We have never seen anything more capital in its way, than the following sketch of two of the flying visits sometimes paid by Garrick to his intimate friends and associates—those with whom he was himself. The various critical notices and formal descriptions that we have read of him, all united, do not convey to us a thousandth part so graphic and characteristic an impression of his person, talents, and 'humor' (in Ben Jonson's sense of the phrase) as the following scenes—to say nothing of their infinite power of amusement, and the incidental notices of others which they include :—

This visit was very matinal ; and a new housemaid, who was washing the steps of the door, and did not know him, offered some resistance to letting him enter the house unannounced : but, grotesquely breaking through her attempted obstructions, he forcibly ascended the stairs, and rushed into the Doctor's study ; where his voice, in some mock heroics to the damsel, alone preceded him.

Here he found the Doctor immersed in papers, manuscripts, and books, though under the hands of his hair-dresser ; while one of his daughters was reading a newspaper to him, another was making his tea, and another was arranging his books.

The Doctor, beginning a laughing apology for the literary and littered state of his apartment, endeavored to put things a little to rights, that he might present his ever-welcome guest with a vacated chair. But Mr. Garrick, throwing himself plumply into one that was well-cushioned with pamphlets and memorials, called out ; ' Ay, do now, Doctor, be in a little confusion ! whisk your matters all out of their places ; and don't know where to find a thing that you want for the rest of the day ;—and that will make us all comfortable ! '

* By his daughter, Madame D'Arbly. 3 vols. 8vo. Moxon.

The Doctor now, laughingly leaving his disorder to take care of itself, resumed his place on the stool; that the furniture of his head might go through its proper repairs.

Mr. Garrick, then, assuming a solemn gravity, with a profound air of attention, fastened his eyes upon the hair-dresser; as if wonder-struck at his amazing skill in decorating the Doctor's *tête*.

The man, highly gratified by such notice from the celebrated Garrick, briskly worked on, frizzing, curling, powdering, and pasting, according to the mode of the day, with assiduous though flurried importance, and with marked self-complacency.

Mr. Garrick himself had on what he called his scratch wig, which was so uncommonly ill-arranged and frightful, that the whole family agreed no one else could have appeared in such a plight in the public streets, without a risk of being hooted at by the mob.

He dropped now all parley whatsoever with the Doctor, not even answering what he said; and seemed wholly absorbed in admiring watchfulness of the progress of the hair-dresser; putting on, by degrees, with a power like transformation, a little mean face of envy and sadness, such as he wore in representing Abel Druggier; which so indescribably altered his countenance, as to make his young admirers almost mingle incredulity of his individuality with their surprise and amusement; for, with his mouth hanging stupidly open, he fixed his features in so vacant an absence of all expression, that he less resembled himself than some daubed wooden block in a barber's shop window.

The Doctor, perceiving the metamorphosis, smiled in silent observance. But the friiseur, who at first had smirkingly felt flattered at seeing his operations thus curiously remarked, became utterly discountenanced by so incomprehensible a change, and so unremitting a stare, and hardly knew what he was about. The more, however, he pomatumed and powdered, and twisted the Doctor's curls, the more palpable were the signs that Mr. Garrick manifested of

‘Wonder with a foolish face of praise:’

tilt, little by little, a species of consternation began to mingle with the embarrassment of the hair-manufacturer. Mr. Garrick then, suddenly starting up, gawki-ly perked his altered physiognomy, with the look of a gaping idiot, full in the man's face.

Scared and confounded, the perruquier now turned away his eyes, and hastily rolled up two curls, with all the speed in his power, to make his retreat. But before he was suffered to escape, Mr. Garrick, lifting his own miserable scratch from his head, and perching it high up in the air upon his finger and thumb, dolorously, in a whining voice, squeaked out, ‘Pray now, Sir, do you think, Sir, you could touch me up this here old bob, a little bit, Sir?’

The man now, with open eyes, and a broad grin, scampered pell-mell out of the room; hardly able to shut the door, ere an uncontrollable horse-laugh proclaimed his relieved perception of Mr. Garrick's mystification.

Mr. Garrick then, looking smilingly around him at the group, which, enlarged by his first favorite young Charles, most smilingly met his arch glances, sportively said, ‘And so, Doctor, you, with your tag rag and bobtail there—’

Here he pointed to some loaded shelves of shabby unbound old books and pamphlets, which he started up to recognise, in suddenly assuming the air of a smart, conceited, underling auctioneer, and rapping with his cane upon all that were most worn and defaced, he sputtered out: ‘A penny a-piece! a penny a-piece! a-going! a-going! a-going! a penny a-piece! each worth a pound!—not to say a hundred! a rare bargain, gemmen and ladies! a rare bargain! down with your copper!’

Then, quietly re-seating himself, ‘And so, Doctor, he continued, ‘you, and tag-rag and bobtail, there, shut yourself up in this snug little book-stall, with all your blithe elves around you, to rest your understanding?’

Outcries now of ‘Oh fie!’ ‘Oh abominable!’ ‘Rest his understanding? how shocking!’ were echoed in his ears with mock indignancy, from the mock-offended set, accompanied by hearty laughter from the Doctor.

Up rose Mr. Garrick, with a look of pretended perturbation, incoherently exclaiming, 'You mistake—you quite misconceive—you do, indeed! pray be persuaded of it!—I only meant—I merely intended—be sure of that!—be very sure of that!—I only purposed; that is, I designed—I give you my word—'pon honor, I do!—I give you my word of that!—I only had in view—in short, and to cut the matter short, I only aimed at paying you—pray now take me right—at paying you the very finest compliment in nature!'

'Bravo, bravo! Mr. Bayes!' cried the Doctor, clapping his hands: 'nothing can be clearer!—'

Mr. Garrick had lent the Doctor several books of reference; and he now inquired the titles and number of what were at present in his possession.

'I have ten volumes,' answered the Doctor, 'of *Memoirs of the French Academy*.'

'And what others?'

'I don't know—do you, Fanny?'—turning to his librarian.

'What! I suppose, then,' said Mr. Garrick, with an ironical cast of the eye, 'you don't choose to know that point yourself?—Eh?—O, very well, Sir, very well!' rising, and scraping round the room with sundry grotesque bows, obsequiously low and formal; 'quite well, Sir! Pray make free with me! Pray keep them, if you choose it! Pray stand upon no ceremony with me, Sir!'

Dr. Burney then hunted for the list; and when he had found it, and they had looked it over, and talked it over, Mr. Garrick exclaimed, 'But when, Doctor, when shall we have out the *History of Histories*? Do let me know in time, that I may prepare to blow the trumpet of fame.'

He then put his cane to his mouth, and, in the voice of a raree showman, squallied out, shrilly and loudly; 'This is your only true History, gemmen! please to buy! please to buy! come and buy! 'Gad, Sir, I'll blow it in the ear of every scurvy pretender to rivalship. So, buy! gemmen, buy! The only true History! No counterfeit, but all alive!'

Dr. Burney invited him to the parlor, to breakfast; but he said he was engaged at home, to Messrs. Twiss and Boswell, whom immediately, most gaily and ludicrously, he took off to the life.

Elated by the mirth with which he enlivened his audience, he now could not refrain from imitating, in the same manner, even Dr. Johnson: but not maliciously, though very laughably. He sincerely honored, nay, loved Dr. Johnson; but Dr. Johnson, he said, had peculiarities of such unequalled eccentricity, that even to his most attached, nay, to his most reverential admirers, they were irresistibly provoking to mimicry.

Mr. Garrick, therefore, after this apology, casting off his little mean, snivelling Abel Druggier appearance, began displaying, and, by some inconceivable arrangement of his habiliments, most astonishingly enlarging his person, so as to make it seem many inches above its native size; not only in breadth, but, strange yet true to tell, in height, whilst, exhibiting sundry extraordinary and uncouth attitudes and gestures.

Pompously, then, assuming an authoritative port and demeanor, and giving a thundering stamp with his foot on some mark on the carpet that struck his eye—not with passion or displeasure, but merely as if from absence and singularity—he took off the voice, sonorous, impressive, and oratorical, of Dr. Johnson, in a short dialogue with himself, that had passed the preceding week.

'David!—will you lend me your *Petrarca*?'

'Y-e-s, Sir—'

'David! you sigh?'

'Sir—you shall have it, certainly.'

'Accordingly,' Mr. Garrick continued, 'the book—stupendously bound—I sent to him that very evening. But—scarcely had he taken the noble quarto in his hands, when—as Boswell tells me, he poured forth a Greek ejaculation, and a couplet or two from Horace; and then, in one of those fits of enthusiasm which always seem to require that he should spread his arms aloft in the air, his haste was so great to debarrass them for that purpose, that he suddenly pounces my poor *Petrarca* over his head upon the floor! Russia leather, gold border, and all!'

And then, standing for several minutes erect, lost in abstraction, he forgot, probably, that he had ever seen it; and left my poor dislocated Beauty to the mercy of the housemaid's morning mop!

Phill, the favorite little spaniel, was no more; but a young greyhound successor followed Mr. Garrick about the study, incessantly courting his notice, and licking his hands. 'Ah, poor Phill!' cried he, looking at the greyhound contemptuously, 'You will never take his place. Slabber-chops, though you try for it hard and soft. Soft enough, poor whelp! like all your race; tenderness without ideas.'

After he had said adieu, and left the room, he hastily came back, whimsically laughing, and said, 'Here's one of your maids down stairs that I love prodigiously to speak to, because she is so cross! She was washing, and rubbing and scrubbing, and whitening and brightening your steps this morning, and would hardly let me pass. Egad, Sir, she did not know the great Roscius! But I frightened her a little, just now: 'Child,' says I, 'you don't guess whom you have the happiness to see! Do you know I am one of the first geniuses of the age? You would faint away upon the spot if you could only imagine who I am!'

Another time, an appointment having been arranged by Dr. Burney for presenting his friend Mr. Twining to Mr. Garrick, the two former, in happy conference, were enjoying the society of each other, while awaiting the promised junction with Mr. Garrick, when a violent rapping at the street door, which prepared them for his welcome arrival, was followed by a demand, through the footman, whether the Doctor could receive Sir Jeremy Hillsborough, a baronet who was as peculiarly distasteful to both the gentlemen, as Mr. Garrick was the reverse.

'For Heaven's sake, no!' cried Mr. Twining; and the Doctor echoing 'No! No! No!' was with eagerness sending off a hasty excuse, when the footman whispered, 'Sir, he's at my heels! he's close to the door! he would not stop!' And, strenuously flinging open the library door himself, in a slouching hat, an old-fashioned blue rocolo, over a great-coat of which the collar was turned up above his ears, and a silk handkerchief, held, as if from the tooth-ache, to his mouth, the forbidden guest entered; slowly, lowly, and solemnly bowing his head as he advanced, though quaker-like, never touching his hat, and not uttering a word.

The Doctor, whom Sir Jeremy had never before visited, and to whom he was hardly known, save by open dissimilarity upon some literary subjects; and Mr. Twining, to whom he was only less a stranger to be yet more obnoxious, from having been at variance with his family; equally concluded, from their knowledge of his irascible character, that the visit had no other view than that of demanding satisfaction for some offence supposed to have been offered to his high self-importance. And, in the awkwardness of such a surmise, they could not but feel disconcerted, nay abashed, at having proclaimed their averseness to his sight in such unqualified terms, and immediately within his hearing.

For a minute or two, with a silence like his own, they awaited an explanation of his purpose; when, after some hesitation, ostentatiously waving one hand, while the other still held his handkerchief to his mouth, the unwelcome intruder, to their utter astonishment, came forward, and composedly seated himself in an arm-chair near the fire; filling it broadly, with an air of domineering authority.

The gentlemen now looked at each other, in some doubt whether their visitor had not found his way to them from the vicinity of Moorfields.*

The pause that ensued was embarrassing, and not quite free from alarm; when the intruder, after an extraordinary nod or two, of a palpably threatening nature, suddenly started up, threw off his slouched hat and old rocolo, flung his red silk handkerchief into the ashes, and displayed to view, lustrous with vivacity, the gay features, the sparkling eyes, and laughing countenance of Garrick,—the imitable imitator, David Garrick.

Dr. Burney, delighted at this development, clapped his hands, as if the scene had been represented at a theatre, and all his family present, joined rapturously

* Where then stood the Bethlem Hospital.

in the plaudit : while Mr. Twining, with the happy surprise of a sudden exchange from expected disgust to accorded pleasure, eagerly approached the arm-chair, for a presentation which he had longed for nearly throughout his life.

Mr. Garrick then, with many hearty reciprocations of laughter, expounded the motive to the feat which he had enacted.

He had awaked, he said, that morning, under the formidable impression of an introduction to a profound Greek scholar, that was almost awful ; and that had set him to pondering upon the egregious loss of time and pleasurable that hung upon all formalities in making new acquaintances ; and he then set his wits to work at devising means for skipping at once, by some sleight of hand, into abrupt cordiality. And none occurred, that seemed so promising of spontaneous success, as presenting himself under the aspect of a person whom he knew to be so desperately unpleasant to the scholiast, that, at the very sound of his name, he would inwardly ejaculate,

'Take any form but that :'

Here, in a moment, Mr. Garrick was in the centre of the apartment, in the attitude of Macbeth at sight of the ghost.

The burlesque frolic over, which gave a playful vent that seemed almost necessary to the super-abundant animal spirits of Mr. Garrick, who, as Dr. Johnson has said of Shakspeare, 'was always struggling for an occasion to be comic,' he cast away farce and mimicry, and became, for the rest of the visit, a judicious, intelligent, and well informed, though ever lively and entertaining converser and man of letters : and Mr. Twining had not been more amused by his buffonery, than he grew charmed by his rationality.

PASSAGES FROM THE DIARY OF A LATE PHYSICIAN.

THE MAGDALEN.

Despised daughter of frailty ! Outcast of outcasts ! Poor wayward lamb, torn by the foulest wolf of the forest ! My tears shall fall on your memory, as often they did over the wretched recital of sin and shame which I listened to on your deserted deathbed ! Oh that they could have fallen on you early enough to wash away the first stain of guilt ; that they could have trickled down upon your heart in time to soften it once more into virtue !—Ill-fated victim, towards whom the softest heart of tenderness that throbs in your sex, beats, not with sympathy, but scorn and anger ! *My* heart hath yearned for thee, when none else knew of thee, or cared for thy fate ! Yes—and above all, (devoutly be the hope expressed !) the voice of Heaven whispered in thine aching ear peace and forgiveness ; so that death was but as the dark seal of thy pardon, registered in the courts of Eternal Mercy !

Many as are the scenes of guilt and misery sketched in this Diary, I know not that I have approached any, with feelings of such profound and unmixed sorrow as that which it is my painful lot now to lay before the public. Reader, if your tears start, if your heart ache as you go on with the gloomy narrative—pause, that those tears may swell into a stream, that that heart may well-nigh break, to think how common, how every-day is the story !

Look round you, upon the garden of humanity ; see where the lilies, lovely and white as snow in their virgin purity, are blooming—see—see

how many of them suddenly fade, wither, fall! Go nearer—and behold an adder lying coiled around their stems! Think of this—and then be yourself—*young man, or old—THAT ADDER if you can!*

About nine o'clock on a miserable Sunday evening in October 18—, we were sitting quietly at home around our brisk fire, listening, in occasional intervals of silence, to the rain which, as it had during the whole of the day, still came down heavily, accompanied with the dreary whistling of the wind. The gloom without served but to enhance by contrast the cheerfulness—the sense of snugness within. I was watching my good wife discharge her regular Sunday evening duty of catechising the children, and pleasing myself with the promptitude and accuracy of my youngest child's replies, when the servant brought me up word that I was wanted below. I went down stairs immediately. In the hall, just beneath the lamp, sate the ungainly figure of a short, fat, bloated old Jewess.

'This here lady wishes to see you, sir,' said she, rising with a somewhat tipsy tone and air, and handing to me a small dirty slip of paper, on which was written, 'Miss Edwards, No. 11, ——— Court, ———, Street, (3d Floor.)' The handwriting of the paper, hasty as was the glance I gave at it, struck me. It was small and elegant, but evidently the production of a weak or unsteady hand.

'Pray what is the matter with this lady?' I inquired.

'Matter, sir? Matter enough, I warrant me! The young woman's not long to live, as I reckon. She's worn out—that's all!' she replied, with a freedom amounting to rudeness, which at once gave me an inkling of her real character. 'Do you think it absolutely necessary for me to call on her to-night?' I inquired, not much liking the sort of place I was likely to be led to.

'She does, I fancy, poor thing—and she *really* looks very ill!'

'Is it any sudden illness?'

'No, sir—it's been coming on this long time—ever since she came to live with me. My daughter and I thinks 'tis a decline.'

'Couldn't you take her to a dispensary?'—said I doubtfully.

'Marry—you'll be *paid* for your visit, I suppose. Isn't that enough?' said the woman, with an impudent air.

'Well, well—I'll follow you in a minute or two,' said I, opening the street door, for there was something in the woman's appearance that I hated to have in my house.

'I say, sir!' she called out in an under tone, as I was somewhat unceremoniously shutting the door upon her, 'You mustn't be put out of your way, mind, if any of my girls should be about. They're noisy devils, to be sure—but they won't meddle'—The closing of the door prevented my hearing the conclusion of the sentence. I stood for a few moments irresolute. My duty, however, so far seemed clear—and all minor considerations, I thought, should give way; so I equipped myself quickly, and set out on my walk, which was as unpleasant as wind, rain, and darkness could make it.

I do not see why I should mince matters by hesitating to state that the house in which I found myself after about ten minutes' walk, was one of ill fame—and that, too, apparently, of the lowest and vilest description. The street which led to ——— Court, was narrow, ill lighted, and noisy—swarming with persons and places of infamous character. I was almost alarmed for my personal safety as I passed them; and, on entering the

court, trembled for a valuable repeater I had about me. At that moment, too, I happened to recollect having read, some time before, in a police report, an account of a method of entrapping unwary persons, very similar in circumstances to those in which I found myself at that moment. A medical man was suddenly summoned to see—he was told—a dying patient; but on reaching the residence of the supposed invalid, he was set upon unexpectedly by thieves, robbed of everything he had about him, and turned into the street, severely, if not dangerously beaten. A pleasant reminiscence! Concealing, however, my watch as well as I could, and buttoning my great coat up to the chin, I resolved to persevere, trusting to the protection of Providence. The life of a fellow-creature might really be at stake; and, besides, I was no stranger to scenes of misery and destitution among the lowest orders. — Court was a nest of hornets. The dull light of a single lamp in the middle of it, showed me the glatternly half-dressed figures of young women, clustering about the open doors of every house in the court, and laughing loudly as they occasionally shouted to one another across the court. All this was sickening and ill-omened enough; but I resolved not even yet to give up. No. 11, I found, was the last house in the court; and just as I was going to inquire of a filthy creature squatting on the door-steps, she called out to some one within, ‘Mother! Mother! Here’s the Doctor come to see Sall!’

Her ‘mother,’ the wretch who had called upon me, presently sauntered to the door with a candle in her hand. She seemed to have been disturbed at drinking; and, a little to my alarm, I heard the gruff voice of a man in the room she had just quitted.

‘Please to follow me, sir! This way, sir. The young woman is up stairs. Bett!’ she called out, suddenly stopping, and turning round, ‘Come and take this here gentleman’s wet umbrella, and dry it by the fire!’

‘Thank you—thank you—I’ll not trouble you! I’ll carry it with me; ’tis not *very* wet,’ I replied hastily, as I held it dripping at every step. I did not choose, believe me, to part with what I might never see again. It might too—though God prevent the occasion!—be a small matter of defence to me, if my fears about the nature of my errand should be verified. The moment, however, that the bed-room door was opened, other emotions than that of apprehension occupied my mind. The apartment was little, if at all, superior to that which I have described in a former paper, as the residence of the Irish family, the O’Hurdles.* It was much smaller, and infinitely filthier. A candle, that seemed never to have been snuffed, stood on the chimney-piece, beside one or two filthy cups and jugs, shedding a dull dismal sort of twilight over a chair or two, a small rickety chest of drawers, an old hair trunk with the lid broken in, a small circular table, on which was a phial and a tea-cup; and, along the farther extremity of the room, a wretched pallet, all tossed and disordered. There was a tolerable fire burning in a very small grate, and the inclemency of the weather seemed completely excluded by a little window, two-thirds of whose panes were, however, stuffed with rags, paper, &c. I felt disposed, immediately on entering, to remove one of them, for there was a horrid closeness in the room.

‘Well, there she is in bed, poor devil, I’ll answer for’t,’

* ‘Rich and Poor.’ No. CLXXXI. p. 937.

said the old woman, panting with the effort of ascending the stairs. Reaching down the candle from the chimney-piece, she snuffed it with her fingers, and set it upon the table ; and then, after stirring up the fire, she took up the candle she had brought, and withdrew, saying, as she went out, ' Miss Edwards said she'd rather see you alone, so I'm off, you know. If you want anything, I dare say you can call out for it ; some of the girls will be sure to hear you.'

I was happy to be relieved of her presence ! When the door had closed upon her, I drew one of the chairs to the bedside, together with the table and candle, which showed me the figure of a female lying on her back amidst the disordered clothes, her black hair stretched dishevelled over the pillow, and her face completely concealed beneath both hands.

' Well, madam, are you in much pain ? ' I inquired, gently trying, at the same time ; to disengage her right hand, that I might both feel her pulse and see her countenance. I did not succeed, however, for her hands were clasped over her face with some little force ; and, as I made the effort I have mentioned, a faint sob burst from her.

' Come, come, Madam,' I continued, in as gentle a tone as I could, renewing the effort to dislodge her hand, ' I'm afraid you are in much pain ! Don't, however, prevent my doing what little may be in my power to relieve you ! ' Still her hands moved not. ' I am Dr. — ; you yourself sent for me ! What is ailing you ? You need not hide your face from me in this strange way !—Come'—

' There, then !—*Do you know me ?* ' she exclaimed, in a faint shriek, at the same time starting up suddenly in bed, and removing her hands from her face, which—her hair pressed away on each side by her hands—was turned towards me with an anguished affrighted stare, her features white and wasted. The suddenness and singularity of the action sufficiently startled me. She continued in the same attitude and expression of countenance, (the latter most vividly recalling to my mind that of Mrs. Siddons, celebrated in pictures, in the most agitating crisis of her *Lady Macbeth*,) breathing in short quick gasps, and with her eyes fixed wildly upon me. If the look did not petrify me, as the fabled head of Medusa, it shocked, or rather horrified me beyond all expression, as I gazed at it ; for—could my eyes see aright ?—I gradually *recognised* the face as one known to me. The cold thrill that passed through me—the sickening sensations I then experienced, creep over me now that I am writing.

' Why—am I right ?—*ELEANOR !* ' I exclaimed faintly, my hands elevated with consternation, at the same time almost doubting the evidence of my senses. She made me no reply, but shook her head with frantic violence for a few moments, and then sunk exhausted on her pillow. I would have spoken to her—I would have touched her ; but the shock of what I had just seen, had momentarily unnerved me. I did not recover my self-possession till I found that she had fainted. Oh, mercy, mercy ! what a wreck of beauty was I gazing on ! Could it be possible ? Was this pallid, worn-out, death-struck creature, lying in such a den of guilt and pollution ; was this the gay and beautiful girl I had once known as the star of the place where she resided—whom my wife knew—whom in short we had both known, and that familiarly ? The truth flashed in a moment over my shuddering, reluctant soul. I must be gazing on the spoil of the seducer ! I looked with horror, not to say loathing, on her lifeless features, till I began to doubt whether, after all, they could real-

ly be those I took them to be. But her extraordinary conduct—there could be no mistake when I thought of that.

With the aid of a vinaigrette, which I always carried about with me, and dashing a little cold water in her face, she gradually revived. The moment her slowly-opening eyes fell upon me, she closed them again, turned aside her head with a convulsive start, and covered her face, as before, with her hands.

‘Come, come, Miss B——,’—a stifled groan burst from her lips on hearing me mention her real name, and she shook her head with agony unutterable, ‘you *must* be calm, or I can do nothing for you. There’s nothing to alarm you, surely, in me! I am come at your own request, and wish to be of service to you. Tell me at once, now, where do you feel pain?’

‘*HERE!*’ replied the wretched girl, placing her left hand with convulsive energy upon her heart. Oh, the tone of her voice! I would to Heaven—I would to Heaven, that the blackest seducer on earth could have been present to hear her utter that *one word!*

‘Have you any pain in the other side?’ I inquired, looking away from her to conceal my emotion, and trying to count her pulses. She nodded in the affirmative.

‘Do you spit much during the day? Any blood, Miss B——?’

‘Miss B——!’ she echoed, with a smile of mingled despair and grief; ‘call me rather *Devil!* Don’t mock me with kind words! Don’t, Doctor! No, not a word—a single word—a word,’ she continued, with increasing wildness of tone and air. ‘See—I’m prepared! I’m beforehand! I expected something like this!—Don’t—don’t dare me! Look!’ She suddenly thrust her right hand under the bed-clothes, and, to my horror, drew from under them a table-knife, which she shook before me with the air of a maniac. I wrenched it out of her hand with little difficulty.

‘Well, then—so—so’—she gasped, clutching at her throat with both her hands. I rose up from my chair, telling her in a stern tone, that if she persisted in such wild antics, I should leave her at once; that my time was valuable, and the hour besides growing late.

‘Go—go then! Desert one whom the world has already deserted!—Yes, go—go away—I deserve no better—and yet—I did not expect it!’ exclaimed the miserable girl, bursting into a flood of bitter, but relieving tears. Finding that what I had said had produced its desired effect, I resumed my seat. There was a silence of several moments.

‘I—I suppose you are shocked—to—to see me here—but you’ve heard it all’—said she faintly.

‘Oh!—we’ll talk about that by and bye; I must first see about your health. I am afraid you are *very* ill! haven’t you been long so?—Why did not you send for me earlier?—Rely upon it, you need not have sent twice!’

‘Oh—can you ask me, Doctor?—I dared not!—I wish—oh, how I wish I had not sent for you *now!* The sight of you has driven me nearly mad! You must see that it has—but you did not mean it! Oh!—oh!—oh!’ she groaned, apparently half choked—‘what I feel *HERE!*’ pressing both her hands upon her heart, ‘what a *hell!*’ quivering forth the last word with an intonation that was fearful.

‘Once more—I entreat of you to check your feelings, otherwise, it is absurd for me to be here! What good can I possibly do you, if you rave in this manner?’ said I sternly. She made no reply, but suddenly cough-

ed violently; then started up in the bed, felt about in haste for her handkerchief, raised it to her lips, and drew it away marked with blood.

She had burst a blood-vessel!

I was dreadfully alarmed for her. The incessant use she made of her handkerchief soon rendered it useless. It was steeped in blood. She pointed hurriedly to the drawers—I understood her—drew one of them open, and instantly brought her a clean handkerchief. That, also, was soon useless. In the intervals of this horrid work she attempted to speak to me—but I stopped her once for all, by laying my finger on my lips, and then addressing her solemnly—‘In the name of God, I charge you to be silent! A word—a single word—and you are a dead woman! Your life is in the utmost danger’—again she seemed attempting to speak—‘if you utter a syllable, I tell you, it will destroy you; you know the consequences—you will therefore die a *suicide*—and, think of *HEREAFTER*!’

A smile—one I cannot attempt to characterise, but by saying it seemed an unearthly one—flitted for a moment over her features—and she did not seem disposed again to break my orders. I proceeded to bleed * her immediately, having obtained what was necessary—with great difficulty—without summoning any one for the present into the room. When she saw what I was about, she whispered faintly, with a calm, but surprised air—pointing to her steeped handkerchiefs—‘What! more *blood*!’—I simply implored her to be silent, and trust herself in my hands. I bled her till she fainted. A few moments before she became insensible—while the deathlike hue and expression of fainting were stealing over her features, she exclaimed, though almost inaudibly—‘Am I dying?’

When I had taken the requisite quantity of blood, I bound up the arm, as well as I could, took out my pencil, hastily wrote a prescription on a slip of paper, and called for such assistance as might be within reach. A young woman of odious appearance answered my summons by bursting noisily into the room.

‘La!’ she exclaimed, on catching a glimpse of the blood, and the pallid face of my patient—‘La! Sure Sall’s *booked*!’

‘Hush, woman!’ said I sternly, ‘take this’—giving her the prescription—‘to the nearest druggist’s shop, and get it made up immediately; and, in the meantime, send some elderly person here.’

‘Oh—her mother, eh?’

‘Her mother!’ I echoed with astonishment. She laughed, ‘La, now—you don’t know the ways of these places. We all calls her mother!’

Pity for the miserable victim I had in charge, joined with disgust and horror at the persons about me, and the place in which I was, kept me silent—till the woman last alluded to, made her appearance with the medicine I had ordered, and which I instantly poured into a cup and gave my patient. ‘Is the young woman much worse, sir?’ she inquired, in an under tone, and with something like concern of manner.

‘Yes’—I replied, laconically, ‘she must be taken care of, and that well—or she will not live the night out’—I whispered.

‘Better take her to the hospital, at once—hadn’t we?’ she inquired, approaching the bed, and eyeing Miss Edwards with stupid curiosity.

* I have often heard people express astonishment at my bleeding a patient who has already bled profusely from a ruptured vessel. It is with a view to lessening the heart’s action, so as to diminish the volume of blood that it propels through the injured vessel, which may so have an opportunity of healing before it is called upon to perform its full functions.

'She is not to be moved out of her bed, at the peril of her life—not for many days, mind, woman—I tell you that distinctly.'

'You tell me that distinctly? And what the devil if you do? What, a God's name, is to be done with a sick young woman, here? We've something else to do beside making our house into an hospital!'

I could with difficulty repress my indignation.

'Pray, for pity's sake, my good woman, don't speak so cruelly about this unfortunate girl! Consider how soon you may be lying on your own deathbed'

'Deathbed, be ——! Who's to pay for her keep if she stops here? I can't, and what's more, I won't—and I defy the parish to make me! But, by the way,' she continued, suddenly addressing my patient, 'Sally, you had money enough a few days ago, I know; where is it now?'

'My good woman,' said I, gently removing her from the bedside, 'do but leave the room for a moment. I will come down stairs and arrange everything with you.' She seemed inclined to be obstreperous. 'I tell you, you are *killing* this poor girl!' said I, my eye kindling upon the old monster, with anger. Muttering some unintelligible words of ill-temper, she suffered me to close the door upon her, and I once more took my seat at the bedside. Miss Edwards' face evidenced the agitation with which she had listened to the cruel and insolent language of the beldam in whose power she for the present lay. I trembled for the effect of it.

'Now, I entreat you, suffer me to have all the talking to myself for a moment or two. You can answer all my questions with a nod, or so. Do you think that if I were to send to you a nice respectable woman—a nurse from a dispensary with which I am connected—to attend upon you, the people of the house would let you remain quiet for a few days—till you could be removed? Nod, if you think so!' She looked at me with surprise while I talked about removing her, but she simply nodded in acquiescence.

'If you are well enough by and bye, would you object to being taken from this place to a dispensary, where I would see to your comfort?' She shook her head.

'Are you indebted to any one here?'

'No, my guilt has paid'—— she whispered. I pressed my finger on my lips, and she ceased. 'Well, we understand one another for the present. I must not stay much longer, and you must not be exhausted. I shall charge the people below to keep you quiet, and a kind experienced nurse shall be at your bedside within two hours from this time. I will leave orders, till she comes, with the woman of the house to give you your medicine, and to keep you quiet, and the room cool. Now, I charge you, by all your hopes of life—by all your fears of death—let nothing prevail on you to open your lips, unless it be absolutely necessary. Good evening—may God protect you!' I was rising, when she beckoned me into my seat again. She groped with her hand under her pillow for a moment, and brought out a purse.

'Pho, pho! put it away—at least for the present!' said I.

'Your fee *must* be paid!' she whispered.

'I visit you as a dispensary patient, and shall assuredly receive no fee. You cannot move me, any more than you can shake St. Paul's,' said I, in a peremptory tone. Dropping her purse, she seized my hand in both hers, and looking up at me with a woeful expression, her tears fell upon it.

After a pause, she whispered, 'Only a single word!—Mrs. ——,' naming

my wife, 'you will not tell her of me?' she inquired with an imploring look. 'No, I will not!' I replied, though I knew I should break my word the moment I got home. She squeezed my hand, and sighed heavily. I did not regret to see her beginning to grow drowsy with the effect of the medicine I had given her, so I slipped quietly out of the room. Having no candle, I was obliged to grope my way down stairs in the dark. I was shocked and alarmed to hear, as I descended, by the angry voices both of men and women, that there was a disturbance down stairs. Oh, what a place for such a patient as I had quitted! I paused, when half way down, to listen. 'I tell you, I *didn't* take the watch,' shrieked the infuriate voice of a female. 'I'll be —, if I did.'

'I saw you with it—I saw you with it!' replied a man's voice.

'You're a liar! A — liar!' There was the sound of a scuffle.

'Come, come, my girl! Easy there! Easy!—Be quiet, or I'll take you all off to the watch-house!—Come, Bett, you'd better come off peaceably at once! This here gentleman says as how you've stolen his watch, and so you *must* go, of course!'—'I won't! I won't! I'll tear your eyes out! I'll see you all — first! I will,' yelled the voice I had first heard, and the uproar increased. Gracious Heaven! in what a place was I! was my wretched patient! I stood on the dark stairs, leaning on my umbrella, not knowing which way to go, or what to do. I resolved at length to go down; and on reaching the scene of all this uproar, found the passage and doorway choked with a crowd of men and women.

'What is the meaning of all this uproar?' I exclaimed, in as authoritative a manner as I knew how to assume. 'For God's sake be quiet! Do you know that there is a young woman dying up stairs?'

'Dying! And what's that to me? They say I'm a thief—He says I've got his watch—he does, the —liar!' shouted a young woman, her dress almost torn off her shoulders, and her hair hanging loosely all about her head and neck, and almost covering her face. She tried to disengage herself from the grasp of a watchman, and struggled to reach a young man, who, with impassioned gestures, was telling the crowd that he had been robbed of his watch in the house. My soul was sick within me. I would fain have slipped away, once for all, from such a horrid scene and neighborhood, but the thoughts of her I had left above, detained me.

'I wish to speak to you for a moment,' said I, addressing the old proprietress of the house. 'Speak to me, indeed!' she replied, scarce vouchsafing me a look, and panting with rage. 'Here's this — liar says he's been robbed here; that one o' my girls is a thief! He's trying to blast the character of my house'—and she poured such a volley of foul obscene names upon the object of her fury, as I had scarcely thought it possible for the tongue of man, much less of woman, to utter.

'But, do let me have one word with you,' I whispered, imploringly—'the poor girl up stairs—her life is at stake'—

'Here, Moll, do you come and speak to the Doctor! I've something else on my hands, I warrant me!' and turning abruptly from me, she plunged again into the quarrel which I had interrupted.

The young woman she addressed made her way out of the crowd—led me into a small filthy room at the back of the house, and civilly, but with some agitation, arising from her having taken a part in the dispute, asked me what I wanted. 'Why only to tell you that Miss Edwards is my patient—that I know her'—

'Lord, sir, for the matter of that, so do a hundred others'—

'Silence, woman! said I, indignantly, 'and listen to what I am saying.

I tell you, Miss Edwards is my patient ; that she is in dying circumstances ; and I hold you all responsible for her safety. If she dies through being disturbed, or frightened in any way, recollect you will be guilty of murder, and I will witness against you !'

'I'm very sorry for the poor thing, sir—very !' she replied ; 'she's the quietest, civillest, best-behaved of any of our ladies, by far ! What can we do, sir ?'

'Keep the house quiet : do not let her be spoken to—and in an hour's time I shall send a proper woman to wait upon her.'

'Lord, sir, but how's the poor creature to pay you and the woman, too ? She's been laid up, I don't know how long—indeed ever since she's been here !'

'That I will see about. All I want from you is to attend to what I have told you. I shall call here early to-morrow morning, and hope to find that my wishes have been attended to. It will be a very serious business for you all, mind me, if they have not. If I do not find this hubbub cease instantly, I shall, at my own expense, engage a constable to keep the peace here. Tell this to the people without there. I know the magistrates at — Street Office, and will certainly do what I say.' She promised respectfully that all I said should be attended to as far as possible ; and I hurried from such a scene as it has not often been my lot to witness. I thanked God heartily, on quitting the house and neighborhood, that I found myself once more in the open air, cold, dark, and rainy, though it was. I breathed freely for the first time, since entering within the atmosphere of such horrible contamination. A rush of recollections of Miss B—, once virtuous, happy, beautiful ; now guilty, polluted, dying—of former and present times—overwhelmed my mind. What scenes must this fallen creature have passed through ! How was it that, long ere this, she had not laid violent hands upon herself,—that in her paroxysms of remorse and despair, she had not rushed from an existence that was hateful—hurried madly from the scene of guilt, into that of its punishment ! I at once longed for and loathed a possible rehearsal of all. Full of such reflections as these, I found myself at the door of the dispensary. The hour was rather late, and it was with great difficulty that I could find such a person as I had undertaken to send. I prescribed the requisite remedies, and gave them to the nurse with all fitting directions, and despatched her to the scene of her attendance, as quickly as possible—promising to be with her as early as I could in the morning, and directing her to send for me without hesitation at any hour of the night, if she thought her patient exhibited any alarming features. It was past eleven when I reached home. I told the reader, a little way back, that I knew I should break my promise, that I could not help informing my wife of what had happened. I need hardly say the shock gave her a sleepless night. I think the present, the fittest opportunity for mentioning, shortly to the reader, the circumstances under which we became first acquainted with the *soldisant* Miss Edwards.

Several years before the period of which I have been writing, my wife's health required the assistance of change of scene and fresh country air. I therefore took her down, in the spring of the year, to what was then considered one of the fashionable watering-places, and engaged lodgings for her at the boarding-house of a respectable widow-lady, a little way out of the town. Her husband had been a captain in the East India service, who, as is but too frequent with that class of men, spent his money faster than he earned it ; so that, on his death, nothing but the most active exertions of numerous friends and relatives preserved his widow and daughter from

little less than absolute destitution. They took for Mrs. B—— the house she occupied when we became her lodgers, furnished it with comfort, and even elegance; and, in a word, fairly set her a-going as the proprietress of a boarding-house. The respectability of her character, and the comforts of her little establishment, procured for her permanent patronage. How well do I recollect her prepossessing appearance as it first struck me! There was an air of pensive cheerfulness and composure about her features, that spoke eloquently in her favor; and I felt gratified at the thought of committing my wife and family into such good hands. As we were coming down stairs after inspecting the house, through the half-open door of a back parlor, I caught a glimpse of an uncommonly handsome and elegantly dressed girl, sitting at a desk reading.

'Only my daughter, sir,' said Mrs. B——, observing my eye rather inquisitively peering after her.

'Dear!—How like she is to the pictures of the Madonne!' exclaimed my wife.

'Yes, Madam. It is often remarked here,' replied Mrs. B——, coloring with pleasure; 'and what's far better, Ma'am, she's the best girl you'll meet with in a day's walk through a town! She's all I care for in the world!' she added with a sigh. We congratulated ourselves mutually; expressing anticipations of pleasure from our future intercourse. After seeing my family settled in their new quarters, I left for London—my professional engagements not allowing me more than a day's absence. Every letter I received from my wife, contained commendations of her hostess, and 'the Madonna,' her beautiful, accomplished, and agreeable daughter, with whom she had got particularly intimate, and was seldom out of her company. The visits, 'like angels', few and far between,' that I was able to pay to —, made Miss B—— as great a favorite with me as with my wife—as with all that knew or saw her, I might better say. I found that she was well known about the place by the name of 'the Madonna'; and was so much pestered with the usual impertinences of dandies, as to be unable to go about so much as she could have otherwise wished. The frank simple-hearted creature was not long in making a confidante of my wife; who, in their various conversations, heard with but little surprise, of frequent anonymous billet-doux, copies of verses, &c. &c., and flattering attentions paid by the most distinguished strangers; and, in one instance, even by Royalty itself. She had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, pressed upon her to a degree that was harassing, on the score of her mother, to whom she was passionately attached, and from whom she could not bear the thought of the most partial separation. Her education—her associations—her cast of character—her tastes and inclinations, were far beyond her present sphere. 'I once should have laughed, indeed, at any one talking of my becoming the daughter of a lodging-house keeper,' said the proud girl, on one occasion, to my wife, her swan-like neck curving with involuntary hauteur, which, however, was soon softened by my wife's calm and steady eye of reproof, as she assured her—'Eleanor, I thought it no harm to be such a daughter.' This pride appeared to my wife, though not to me, some security against the peculiar dangers that beset Miss B——.

'She's too proud—too high-spirited a girl,' she would say, 'to permit herself to tamper with temptation. She's infinitely above listening to nonsense. Trust me, there's that in her would frighten off fifty triflers a-day!'

'My view of the matter, Emily, is far different,' I would say. 'Pride, unless combined with the highest qualities, is apt to precipitate such a girl

into the vortex that humility could never have come within sight or reach of. Pride dares the danger that lowliness trembles at and avoids. Pride must press forward to the verge of the precipice, to show the ease and grace of its defiance. My Emily! merely human confidence is bad—is dangerous—in proportion to its degree. Consider—remember what you have both heard and read of the disastrous consequences attendant on the pride of a disappointed girl!

The predominant taste of Miss B—— was novel-reading, which engaged her attention every spare hour she could snatch from other engagements. Hence what could she imbibe but false sentiment—what gather but the most erroneous and distorted views of life and morals? Add to this the consciousness of her own beauty, and the large tribute it exacted from all who saw her—the intoxicating, maddening fumes of flattery—ah, me! I should have trembled for her indeed, had she been a daughter of mine! The doting mother, however, seemed to see none of these dangers—to feel none of these apprehensions; and cruel, surely, and impertinent would it have been in us to suggest them. For nearly three months was my wife a guest of Mrs. B——’s, and a familiar—an affectionate companion of her beautiful daughter. On leaving, my wife pressed Miss B——, (the mother was, of course, out of the question) to pay her a speedy visit in town, and exacted a promise of occasional correspondence. Long after our return to London, was ‘the Madonna,’ a subject of conversation, and many were the anxious wishes and hopes expressed by my wife on her behalf. Miss B—— did not avail herself of the invitation above mentioned, farther than by a hasty passing call at our house during the absence of both of us. One circumstance and another—especially the increasing cares of a family—brought about a slackening, and at length a cessation, of the correspondence betwixt my wife and her friend, ‘the Madonna,’ though we occasionally heard of her by friends recently returned from ———. I do not think, however, her name was once mentioned for about three years before the period at which this narrative commences. Now, I suppose the reader can form some idea of the consternation with which I recognised in ‘Sally Edwards’ the ‘Madonna’ of a former day! The very watch-pockets at the back of our bed were the pretty presents of her whose horrid story I was telling my sobbing wife! I could have torn them from the bed-head, for the sake of their torturing associations! They would not let us sleep in peace. I was startled, during the night, from a doze, rather than from sleep, by the sobs of my wife.

‘What’s the matter, Emily?’ I asked.

‘Oh!’ she replied; ‘*what* has become of poor Mrs. B——! Rely on it she’s dead of a broken heart!’

For two hours before my usual hour of rising, I lay awake, casting about in my mind by what strange and fatal course of events Miss B—— had been brought into the revolting, the awful circumstances in which I found her. Dreadfully distinct as was the last night’s interview in my recollection, I was not wholly free from transient fits of incredulity. I could not identify the two—Eleanor B—— with *Sall Edwards*!—All such notions, however, were dissipated by nine o’clock, when I found myself once more by the bedside of ‘Miss Edwards.’ She was asleep when I entered; and I motioned the nurse to silence as I stepped noiselessly toward’s the chair she quitted to make room for me. Oh, my God! did the heart of man ever ache more than mine on that occasion! Was the pitiable object before me Eleanor B——? Were they *her* fair limbs that now lay beneath the filthy bed-clothes? Was the ashy face—the hollow cheek—the sunken

eye—the matted, disordered hair—did all these belong to Eleanor B—, the beautiful Madonna of a former and happier day! Alas for the black hair, braided so tastefully over the proud brow of alabaster, now clammied with the dews of disease and death, seen from amid the dishevelled hair like a neglected grave-stone, pressed down into the ground, and half-overgrown with the dank grass of the church-yard! Alas for the radiant eye! Woe is me!—where is the innocent heart of past years? Oh seraph! fallen from heaven into the pit of darkness and horror—how camest thou here!

Faint—vain attempt to embody in words some of the agitating thoughts that passed through my mind during the quarter of an hour that I sat beside my sleeping patient! Tears I did not—could not shed. My grief formed no other outlet than a half-smothered sigh—that ransacked, however, every corner of my heart. Everything about me wore the air of desolation and misery. The nurse, wearied with her night's watch, sat near me on the foot of the bed, drooping with drowsiness. The room was small, dirty, and almost destitute of furniture. The rain, seen indistinctly through the few dirty panes of glass, was pouring down as it had been all night. The wind continued to sigh drearily. Then, the house where I was—the receptacle of the vilest of the vile—the very antechamber of hell? When shall I forget that morning—that quarter of an hour's silence and reflection!

And thou FIEND! the doer of all this—would that THOU hadst been there to see it!

A sudden noise made by the nurse woke Miss Edwards. Without moving from the posture in which she lay—on her side, with her face away from me—as she had slept, I found nearly all the night—she opened her eyes, and after looking steadfastly at the wall for a few moments, closed them again. I gently took hold of her hand, and then felt her pulse. She turned her head slowly towards me; and after fixing her eyes on me for an instant with an air of apathy, they widened into a strange stare of alarm, while her white face seemed blanched to even a whiter hue than before. Her lips slowly parted—altogether, I protest my blood chilled beneath what I looked upon. There was no smile of welcome—no appearance of recognition—but she seemed as if she had been woke from dreaming of a frightful spectre that remained visible to her waking eyes.

'Miss B—, Miss Edwards, I mean. How are you?' I inquired.

'Yes—it—it is'—she muttered, scarcely audible—her eyes fixed unwaveringly upon me.

'Have you been in any pain during the night?' I continued.

Without removing her eyes, or making me any answer, she slowly drew up her right hand, all white and thin as it was, and laid it on her heart.

'Ah! I whispered softly, partly to myself, partly to the nurse—'tis the opium—not yet recovered from it.' She overheard me, shook her head slowly—her eyes continuing settled on me as before. I began to wonder whether her intellects were disturbed; for there was something in the settled stare of her eyes that shocked and oppressed me.

'I thought I should never have woke again!' she exclaimed in a low tone, with a faint sigh. 'Suicide! hereafter!' she continued to murmur, reminding me of the words with which I had quitted her over-night, and which no doubt had been flickering about her disturbed brain all night

long. I thought it best to rouse her gently from what might prove a fatal lethargy.

'Come, come, you must answer me a few questions. I will behave kindly to you'—

'Oh, Doctor——!' exclaimed the poor girl, in a reproachful tone, turning her head slowly away, as if she wondered I thought it necessary to tell her I would use her kindly.

'Well, well, tell me then—how are you?—how do you feel?—have you any pain in breathing? Tell me in the softest whisper you can.'

'Alive, Doctor—that's all. I seem disturbed in my grave! What has been done to me?—Who is that?' she inquired faintly, looking at the nurse.

'Oh! she has been sitting by you all night—she has been nursing you.' Miss Edwards opened her hand towards the nurse, who gently shook it.

'You're very kind to me,' she murmured; 'I—I don't deserve it.'

'Every one, Miss Edwards, must be attended when they are ill. We want no thanks—it is our duty.'

'But I am such a base girl'—

'Pshaw! you must not begin to talk in that way. Have you felt any fulness—a sort of choking fulness—about your chest, since I saw you last?' She did not seem to hear me, as she closed her eyes, and gave me no reply for several minutes. I repeated the question.

'I—I *can't* speak,' she sobbed, her lips quivering with emotion.

I saw her feelings overpowered her. I thought it better to leave at once, and not agitate her; so I rose, and entreating the nurse to pay her all the attention in her power, and give her medicine regularly, I left, promising to return, if possible, at noon. Her state was extremely precarious. Her constitution had evidently been dreadfully shattered; everything, in short, was at present against her recovering from the injury her lungs had sustained from the ruptured vessel. The least shock, the least agitation of her exquisitely excitable feelings might bring on a second fit of blood-spitting, and then all was over. I trembled when I reflected on the dangerous neighborhood, the disgusting and disease-laden atmosphere she was breathing. I resolved to remove her from it, the instant I could do so with safety, to the Dispensary, where cleanliness and comfort, with change of scene, and assiduous medical attendance, awaited her. My wife was very anxious to visit her, and contribute all in her power, towards her double restoration of body and mind; but that of course was impossible, as long as Miss Edwards lay in —— Court.

I need not, however, delay the course of the narrative, by dwelling on the comparatively eventless week that followed. I attended my miserable patient on an average twice and thrice a day, and was gratified at finding no relapse; that she even recovered, though slowly, from the fierce and sudden attack that had been made on her exhausted constitution. During this time, as I never encouraged conversation, confining my inquiries to the state of her health, she said nothing either of interest or importance. Her mind was sunk into a state of the most deplorable despondency, evidenced by long, frequent, deep-drawn sighs. I learned from the nurse, that Miss Edwards sometimes moaned piteously during the night,—‘Oh mother!—mother!—my mother!’ She would scarcely open her lips from morning to night, even to answer the most necessary questions. On one occasion I found she opened a little purse that lay under her pillow, took out a solitary five-pound note, and put

it unexpectedly into the nurse's hands, which she clasped at the same time within her own, with a supplicating expression of countenance, as if begging of her to retain the money. When she found that the nurse was firm in her refusal, she put it back into her purse in silence.—'And your heart would have felt for her,' said the nurse, 'if you had seen her sad face!' I need hardly perhaps mention, that she had pressed the little relic of her wretched gains upon me in a similar manner, till she desisted in despair. On Friday morning, as I was taking my leave of her, she suddenly seized my hand, pressed it to her lips, and, with more energy than her feeble state could well bear, gasped,—'Oh, that I could but get out of bed to fall down on my knees before you to thank you!—Oh, it would relieve my heart!'

Monday, October 15th. Yesterday morning I told Miss Edwards that I thought we might venture to remove her to our Dispensary on the following day; an intimation she appeared to receive with indifference, or rather apathy. I also informed the infamous landlady of my intention, directing her to furnish me with whatever account she might have for lodging, &c., against my patient. Oh! how my soul abhorred the sight of, and sickened at speaking with that hideous bloated old monster! This morning I was at—Court by ten o'clock. Finding nobody stirring about the door, passage, or stairs, I ascended at once to the room of Miss Edwards. As I was passing the landing of the first floor, I overheard, through a half-open door, the voices of persons conversing together. No apology can be necessary for stating that on distinguishing the words 'Sall Edwards' I paused for a moment to listen what plot might be hatching against her.

'I tell you, we'd better lose no time,' said the voice of a man in a gruff under-tone; 'we've been here shilly-shallying day after day to no purpose all the week, till it's nearly to of late. I know the— keeps it always under her pillow.'

'But that creature he has brought to stop with her,' replied a female voice—that of the hateful harriidan who owned the house; 'what the—are you to do with *her* the while?'

'Slap her face for her—knock her down, and be off—that's my way of doing business. Do you remember old Jenkins, eh?'

There was a faint laugh.

'But why couldn't *you* go up, mother, under pretence of making the bed, and so slip off with the purse?—Now *that* would be doing it snug, as I calls it.'

'Lord—I make the bed? You know how Sall hates me; and besides, what's that woman up stairs for but to make the bed, and such like? It won't do—no, it won't.'

'Well—I suppose I *must*.'

'Then again, I key—there's that d— officious doctor of hers.'

'Oh, of course, he's as much on the look-out after it as we is, for the matter of that! He's waiting to grab the blunt himself! He calls it his "fee!" ha, ha! *We* makes no bones on it, but calls it plain robbery—don't we, mother?'

'But, mother,' said a female voice I had not heard before, 'remember poor Sall's dying.'

'Well, slut,' replied the old woman, 'and what if she is? Then the loss of a few pounds can't signify, as she's a-going to the 'spensary, where they pays nothing.'

'Well, well, mother,' resumed the man's voice; 'there's not a moment to be lost. I'd better do what I said.'

I slipped like lightning down stairs—met nobody—hurried into the street—and instinctively ran towards the police-office, which was not far off. I soon procured the assistance of an officer, with whom I hastened back to—Court. On our way I hurriedly explained to him the state of matters, and directed him to continue in Miss Edwards' room till she was removed to the Dispensary. When we reached the outer door of the house, I suppose my well-known companion was instantly recognized, for a girl at the door, no doubt on the look-out to see if the coast was clear, no sooner set eyes on him than she rushed back into the passage, followed by the officer and me. As she was setting her foot upon the stairs, the powerful hand of the officer snatched her back again into the passage. She was on the point of shouting out; but he silenced her by fiercely shaking his staff in her face.

'Aha, my lass! Only speak a word, and I'll break your head open!' said he. 'Doctor, do you go up at once; and I'll follow you before you've reached the door. I only want to keep this young woman quiet till then.'

I sprung up stairs in an instant, I met no one; but, on opening Miss Edwards's door, to my unutterable astonishment, I saw my usual seat by her bedside occupied by a hurly ruffian of the lowest order. He seemed sitting quietly enough;—though the nurse was speaking to him in great agitation. On my entering the room, he turned round; then suddenly thrust his hand beneath Miss Edwards's pillow, and made for the door, with a hasty air of defiance. Before he had reached it, the officer on the stairs had thrust it open.

'Stop that man—he has stolen something,' said I, in as low a tone as my alarm would allow me; and the officer instantly collared him.

'I stolen something, you—liar?' exclaimed the ruffian, in a low furious tone, turning towards me.

'Come—none of that there jaw, Dick! Be quiet—be quiet, man!' and he presented to him a pistol ready cocked. 'Now will you come down with me quietly?—or, will you be carried down with your brains blown out? Quick.'

His prisoner appeared preparing for a struggle.

'I'm sorry for the sick lady, sir,' said the officer hurriedly to me; 'it will frighten her;—but I *must* fire!'

'For God's sake avoid it if possible,' I gasped in the utmost trepidation.

'Now, listen Dick—,' said the officer, furiously tightening his grasp, till his bonny knuckles seemed buried in the flesh of his prisoner—'if you stop a moment, d—me—but I'll fire at you—come what may!' The pistol was almost touching his ear, and I turned away with horror, expecting every instant to hear the fatal report. I wished to heaven the fellow had taken all the money quietly!

'Why—you devil! would you murder me?'—shouted the prisoner, dropping into a passive attitude—'where's your warrant?'

'Here!' replied the officer, pressing his pistol against his prisoner's cheek—'off with you!'

'Oh mercy! mercy! mercy!'—shrieked the voice of Miss Edwards, whom the loud voice of the thief had awoke from the deep sleep procured by sedative medicines. She started suddenly up in bed, into a kneeling posture, her hands clasped together—and her face turned towards the group at the door with the wildest terror. I hurried to her side—

implored her to be calm—and told her it was nothing but a slight disturbance—that I would protect her.

'Mercy! mercy! murder! mercy!' she continued to gasp, regardless of all I could say to her. The officer had by this time prevailed on his prisoner to quit the room peaceably—calling to me to bolt the door after him, and stay in the room till he came back. In a few moments all was quiet again. I passed the next quarter of an hour in a perfect ecstasy of apprehension. I expected to see a second fit of blood-spitting come on—to hear the vile people of the house rush up to the door, and burst it open. I knew not what to do. I explained to Miss Edwards, as she lay panting in bed, that the man who was taken off had entered the room for the purpose of robbing her of her five pounds.

'I saw—I saw his face!' she gasped—'they say—it is said—he murdered one of the'—she could utter no more, but lay shaking from head to foot. 'Will he come back again?' she inquired in the same affrighted tone. By degrees, however, her agitation ceased, and, thank God!—(though I could not account for it)—there was no noise, no uproar heard at the door, as I had apprehended. I gave my patient a few drops of laudanum, in water, to aid in quieting her system; and prayed to God, in my heart, that this fearful accident might not be attended with fatal consequences to her.

The drowsy effects of the laudanum were beginning to appear, when the officer, accompanied by another, gently knocked at the door for admission.

'He's safe enough, now, sir, and we've secured the money,' he whispered, as I met him half-way, with my finger on my lips.

'The hackney-coach, sir, is waiting at the door,' said he in a low tone—'the coach you ordered from the Dispensary, they say. I ask your pardon, sir, but hadn't you better take the lady away at once?—the sooner she leaves such a place as this—the better. There may be a disturbance, as these houses swarm with thieves and villains of all kinds, and there are but two of us here to protect you!'

'How is it,' said I, 'that the people of the house make no disturbance, that they let you take off your man so easily?—'

'Lord, sir, they durs'nt! They're all at home—but they know us, and durs'n't shew their faces. They know 'tis in our power to take them off to the office as accomplices if we like! But hadn't you better make up your mind, sir, about removing her?'

True. I stood for a moment considering. Perhaps his advice was the best; and yet, could she bear it, after all this agitation? I stepped to the bed-side. She was nearly asleep (our conversation had been carried on in the lowest whisper,) and her pulse was gradually calming down. I thought it, on the whole, a favorable moment, for at least making the attempt. I directed the nurse, therefore, to make the few necessary preparations immediately. In less than a quarter of an hour's time, we had Miss Edwards well muffled up, and wrapped in a large cloak. Her few clothes were tied up in a bundle; and the officer carried her down with as much ease as he could an infant. There was no noise, no hurry: and as the coach set off with us, I felt inexpressibly delighted, that at all events I had removed her from the hateful situation in which I had found her. We had not far to go. Miss Edwards, a little agitated, lay quietly in the nurse's arms, and, on the whole, bore the fatigue of removing better than could have been expected. The coachman drove through the quietest streets he could find: and by the time we

stood before the Dispensary gates, Miss Edwards had fallen asleep—for, be it remembered, the influence of the recently-given laudanum was upon her. On alighting, the nurse helped her into my arms. Poor creature! Her weight was that of a child! Though not a strong man, I carried her across the yard, and up stairs to the room that had been prepared for her, with all the ease imaginable. When I laid her on the bed, her short quick breathing, and flushed features, together with her exhausted air, and occasional hysteric starts, made me apprehensive that the agitation and excitement of the last hour or two had done her serious injury. I consoled myself, however, with the recollection, that under the peculiar exigencies of the case, we could have pursued no other or better course; and that my unhappy patient was now where she would receive all the attention that could possibly be paid to one in her melancholy situation. As I gazed at her, there seemed fewer traces than before, of what she had been formerly. See looked more haggard—more hopelessly emaciated than I had before seen her. Still, however, I did not *despair* of in time bringing her round again. I prescribed a little necessary medicine, and, being much behind-hand with my day's engagements, left, promising to call, if possible, again in the evening. I comforted myself throughout the day with hopes of Miss Edwards's recovery, of her restoration, even, in some measure to society—aye, even of introducing once more into the fold this 'tainted wether of the flock!'

Monday Evening to Saturday—inclusive. Really there does seem something almost magical in the alteration visible in Miss Edwards! I am not the only one that thinks so. Some of her worst symptoms seem disappearing. Though she eats as little as ever, that little is eaten, she says, with relish. Her voice is not so feeble as it was; the pain in her chest is not so oppressive; her spitting sometimes intermits; the fierce evening fever burns slacker; the wasting night sweats abate a little. I am not, however, prematurely sanguine about her; I have seen too many of these deceitful rallyings to be easily deluded by them. Alas! I know too well that they may even be looked upon as symptomatic of her fatal disorder! But courage! *Nil desperandum, auspice DEO*: she is in *THY* hands—I leave her there, and bow!

Then again, may we not hope, in turn, to 'minister' successfully 'to the mind diseased'—to 'cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff'—which, not removed, will defy all the efforts of human art? Yes, let us hope, 'though against hope'—for methinks there is stealing over her features an aspect of serenity of which they have long been stripped—there are signs of rejoicing in the desert—of gladness in the wilderness and solitary place, and of blossoming in the rose!

Rays of her former sweetness of temper and manner are perceptible—which, with the knowledge of her sufferings, endear her to all around her. She has so won upon the attentive affectionate nurse, that the faithful creature will not hear of her place being supplied by another.

'Well, Eleanor,' said I to her this morning, 'I am delighted to find your pulse and tongue speak so well of you; that the nurse can bear witness to the good night's rest you have had! I don't hesitate to say, that if you go on in this way a little longer, I think I can hold out to you strong hopes of recovery!'

'Recovery!' she exclaimed, with a deep sigh, shaking her head, 'do you think I am glad to hear it?'

'Dear me,' exclaimed the nurse, impatiently, 'that's just the way the young lady keeps on with all the night and day through! I tell her 'tis wrong, Doctor—is'nt it?'

'Tis *always* wrong, surely,' I replied, with a serious air, 'to be unthankful to the Almighty for his blessings, especially such as Miss Edwards has received.'

'Ah, Doctor, you wrong me! I wish you could read my heart, and then tell me how it beats with gratitude towards Him I have so heavily offended! But why should I recover? What is there in life for *me*? Forgive me, if I say, Oh that Heaven, in its mercy, would let me die now! I am happy, yes, happy, in the prospect of death; but when I think of *life*, my joy fades suddenly!'

'Resign yourself, Eleanor, to the will of God? He in his infinite wisdom must choose for you, life or death? Learn to obey, with fear and trembling?'

'But how should I be otherwise than shocked at returning to the world—the scene of my horrible guilt—my black'—she paused, and turned pale. 'Who would not spurn me with loathing? The worms would turn against me!—Even this kind woman'—

'La, ma'am—and what of *me*? Bless you! Do you think I hate you?' interrupted the honest nurse, with the tears in her eyes.

'And, Eleanor—remember: did my *wife*, at any of the times she has been here'—

'No! no! no!' murmured the poor sufferer, her tears starting—and snatching my hand to her lips—'forgive me! but how can I help it?'

'Don't be distressed, Eleanor—if you should recover—about your future prospects,' said I, as the nurse left the room—'there *are* ways of securing you a comfortable though perhaps a humble retreat! The bounty of one or two kind individuals'—

'Doctor—Doctor'—she interrupted me: when her emotion would not suffer her to say more.

'Don't be oppressed, Eleanor—don't over-estimate a little kindness,' said I, thinking she overrated the small services I spoke of—'It will be but little, and that little cheerfully given, among five or six persons—and those ladies'—her emotion seemed to increase. 'Well, well—if you dislike so much the sense of obligation, why cannot you lighten the sense of it, by trying to contribute a little to your own support? Your accomplishments would easily admit of it.'

'Dear Doctor—you mistake me!' she interrupted, having regained a measure of calmness—'I could tell you a secret that would astonish you'—

'A secret!'—I echoed, with a smile—'Why, what about?'

'I will tell you,' said she; looking towards the door, as if apprehensive of interruption. I rose and bolted it.

'I am at this moment, believe me when I say it,—worth £3,000, and more than that; all—all at my absolute command!'

I stared at her, first with astonishment, then with incredulity; and finally with concern—thinking her intellects disordered. I shook my head involuntarily at her.

'Doctor—disbelieve me, if you choose,' she continued calmly,—'but I am serious. I do not speak, as you seem to imagine, deliriously—No, no! This sum of money is really mine—mine alone; and every farthing of it is in the funds at this moment!'

'Ah!' I interrupted her, the thought suddenly occurring to me, 'your destroyer baited his hook splendidly'—

All the color that had mantled her cheeks vanished suddenly, leaving them white as marble. She gazed at me for a few moments in silence—the silence I knew not whether of sorrow or scorn.

'No,' she replied at length, with a profound sigh, closing her eyes with her left hand, 'It has never been polluted by his touch; it should perish if it had! No, no—it is not the price of my shame! Oh, Doctor, Doctor! am I then fallen so deeply, lower than I suspected even, in your estimation? Could you think I would sell myself for MONEY!' She said this with more bitterness of tone and manner than I had ever seen in her.

'Well, Eleanor, be calm! Forgive me! I am very sorry I spoke so foolishly and hastily. I did not, however, dream of hurting your feelings!' She continued silent. 'Eleanor, don't you forgive me?' I inquired, taking her hand in mine.

'You have not offended me, Doctor; you cannot,' she replied, in tears. 'It was the thoughts of my own guilt, my own infamy, that shocked me; but it is over! Oh, is it for such a vile wretch as me'—She ceased suddenly, and buried her face in her hands.

'Doctor,' at length she resumed, calmer, though in tears, 'I say this large sum of money is mine—wholly mine. It came to me through the death of a cousin at sea; and was left me by my uncle. *They* knew not of the polluted hands it was to fall into!' Again she paused, overpowered with her feelings. 'But though I knew it was become mine, could I claim it? A wretch like me? No; the vengeance of God would have blighted me! I have never applied for it; I never will! I have often been starving; driven to the most fearful extent of crime, scarce knowing what I was about; yet I never dared to think of calling the money mine! Guilty, depraved as I was, I hoped that God would view it as a penance, an atonement for my crimes! Oh, God! didst thou, wilt thou now accept so poor, so unworthy a proof of my repentance! Even in dust and ashes it is offered!'

She ceased. My soul indeed felt for her. Poor girl,—what a proof, though a mistaken one, was here, of the bitterness, the reality, of her contrition and remorse! I scarce knew what reply to make to her.

'I have now, however, made up my mind how to dispose of it; in a manner which I humbly hope will be pleasing to God; and may he accept it at my hands! I wish'—— At this moment, the returning footsteps of the nurse were heard. 'To-morrow—to-morrow, Doctor—a long history,' she whispered hastily.

I took the hint, opened the door, and the nurse entered. Miss Edwards was much exhausted with the efforts she had made in conversation; and I presently took my leave, reminding her, significantly, that I should see her the next evening. Her concluding words led me to expect a narrative of what had befallen her; but unless she proved much better able than she seemed now to undertake such a painful task, I determined to postpone it.

The next evening convinced me that I had acted imprudently in suffering her to enter into any conversation on topics so harrowing to her spirits. I found she had passed a very restless disturbed night; and one or two painful symptoms re-appeared during the day. I resolved, for a long time to come, to interdict any but medical topics; at least, till she could better sustain excitement. Acting on this principle, little of interest transpired during any of the almost daily visits I paid her for the long period of eleven weeks. I persevered in the most anxious efforts, which I also enjoined on all about her, to supply her mind with cheerful topics, in the shape, chiefly of works of innocent entertainment, chess, sewing, &c. &c.; anything, in short, that could give her mind something to prey upon, instead of itself.

But let me here make devout and thankful mention of the inestimable support and comfort she received in the offices of that best, nay, that only solace of the bed of sickness and death—RELIGION. Let me also bear testimony here to the honorable and unwearied exertions in her behalf made by the intelligent and pious chaplain of the institution. If he be now alive, and I have no reason for supposing he is not, I know he will feel that satisfaction in reflecting upon the services this narrative must call to his recollection, if he see it, which not even the most flattering and public acknowledgment can supply to him. He watched over her with a truly pastoral care, an untiring zeal, that found its reward in bringing her to a full sense of her mournful condition, and in softening her heart to the hallowing and glorious influences of Christianity. He was at her bedside almost every other day, during the long interval I have mentioned. She several times received the sacrament; and though she was more than once unexpectedly brought to the very margin of the grave, her confidence was not shaken. Truly, in the language of Scripture, 'a new heart was given unto her.' On one occasion of her receiving the sacrament, which she did with all the contrition and humility of Mary Magdalen of old, I heard from Mr. W——, that she was so overcome, poor girl, as that, in the very act of taking the cup into her hand, she burst out into hysteric weeping. The excitement increased; he described her features as wearing an expression of all but sublimity; and she presently burst into a strain of the most touching and passionate eloquence.

'Oh, Saviour of the world,' she exclaimed, her hands clasped in an attitude of devotion, and her eyes fixed upwards, 'for my polluted lips to kiss thy blessed feet! that thou shouldst suffer me to wash them with my tears! Oh, to stand behind thee, to hear thee forgive me all! Yes, to hear thee speak! To feel that thou hast changed me! Thou hast gone into the wilderness; thou hast sought out the lost sheep, and brought it home with thee rejoicing! Let me never wander from thee again! My heart breaks with thankfulness! I am thine! Do with me as thou wilt.'

Nor were such expressions as these the outpourings of mere delirium—rant, uttered in a transient fit of enthusiasm—but indications of a permanently altered state of feeling. Surely, call it what you will—enthusiasm, delirium, rant, canting—if it produce such effects as these, it must be blessed beyond all description; and, Father of the spirits of all flesh! vouchsafe unto *me*, when in the awful agonies of passing from time into eternity—into Thy presence—oh, wilt thou vouchsafe to *me* *such* enthusiasm, *such* delirium!

The little attentions my wife paid Miss Edwards in calling with me to see her, and sending her from time to time, such delicacies as her circumstances required, called forth the most enthusiastic expressions of gratitude. My pen can do no justice to the recollections that force themselves upon me, of her constant, overflowing thankfulness—of the peace and cheerfulness she diffused around her, by the unwavering serenity and resignation with which she bore her sufferings. She persisted in expressing her convictions that she should not recover; that she was being carried gently, not flung with headlong horror, into eternity. If ever a gloomy shadow would pass over her mind, and blanch her features, it was when her mind suddenly reverted to the dreadful scenes from which she had been so providentially rescued. The captive could

not look back with wilder affright upon the tortures of the Inquisition, from which he was flying in unexpected escape, his limbs yet quivering with recollections of the rack!

It was an evening in March, in the ensuing year, that was appointed by Miss Edwards for communicating to me the particulars of her history—of her sufferings and her shame. She shrunk from the dreadful task—self-imposed though it was—saying, the only satisfaction she should experience in telling it, would be a feeling that it was in the nature of an expiation of her guilt. I had promised the preceding day to spend a long evening with her for the purpose of hearing her story. I arrived about half past six o'clock, and the nurse, according to her instructions, immediately retired.

I wish the reader could have seen Miss Edwards as I saw her on that evening! She reclined, propped up by pillows, upon a couch that had been ordered for her, and which was drawn near the fire. In the beautiful language of Sterne, 'affliction had touched her appearance with something that was unearthly.' Her raven-black hair was parted with perfect simplicity upon her pale forehead; and the expression of her full dark eyes, together with that of her pallid wasted features, and the slender, finely-chiselled fingers of the left hand, which was spread open upon her bosom, reminded me forcibly of a picture of the Madonna, by one of the greatest old painters. I defy any person to have seen that unfortunate girl's face, even in total ignorance of her history, and ever to have forgotten it. On my entering the room, she laid aside a book she had been reading, and seemed, I thought, a little fluttered, aware of my errand—of the heavy task she had undertaken. I apprise the reader at once, that I fear I can give him but a very imperfect account of the deeply-interesting narrative which I received from Miss Edwards's lips. I did not commit it to paper till about a week after I had heard it, circumstances preventing my doing it earlier. I have, however, endeavored to preserve, throughout, as much of her peculiar turns of expression—sometimes very felicitous—as possible.

'Doctor,' said she, speaking faintly at first, 'how I have longed for, and yet dreaded this day!' She paused, unable to proceed. I rung for a glass of wine and water; and after she had taken a little, her agitation gradually subsided.

'Take time, Eleanor,' said I, gently—'don't hurry yourself.—Don't tell me a syllable more than is perfectly agreeable to yourself. Believe me—believe me, I have no impertinent curiosity, though I *do* feel a profound interest in what you are going to tell me.'

She sighed deeply.

'But, Doctor, the blessed Scriptures say, that if we *confess* our sins'—the poor girl's voice again faltered, and she burst into tears. I was affected and embarrassed—so much so, that I hesitated whether or not I should allow her to go on.

'Forgive me, Doctor,' she once more resumed, 'if I am shocked at finding myself beginning my bitter and disgraceful history. I do it in the spirit of a most humble confession of my errors. It will relieve my heart, though it may make you hate the poor fallen creature that is talking to you. But I know my days on earth are numbered.'

'Eleanor! Don't say so; I assure you I have great hopes'—

'Doctor—forgive me,' said she emphatically, waving her arm with a serious air, 'I do not doubt your skill; but I shall never recover; and if it be the will of God, I would a thousand times rather die than live!—Oh,

Doctor! I find I must begin with the time when you saw me both happy and virtuous, living with my mother. How little did I then think of what was before me!—how differently you were hereafter to see me! Perhaps I need scarcely tell you that my heart in those days was rank with pride—a pride that aided me in my ruin! My poor mother has often, I dare say, told you of the circumstances which led her to seek a livelihood by keeping a boarding house at a summer watering-place. I endured the change of circumstances; my mother reconciled herself to them—and a thousand times strove, but in vain, to bend the stubborn heart of her daughter into acquiescence with the will of Providence. I concealed my rebellious feelings, however, out of pity to her; but they often choked me! They said, Doctor, that at that time I was beautiful. Yes, Doctor, look at me now, said she with a bitter smile, ‘and think that I was once called beautiful!—Beautiful!—oh! that this face had been the ugliest of the ugly—frightful enough to scare off the Serpent!—But Heaven is wise! I am not vain enough to hesitate about owning that I saw how much I was admired—and admired sometimes in quarters that made my pulse beat high with ambitious hopes—hopes framed in folly, and to be, I need hardly say, bitterly disappointed. I read daily in the hateful novels which helped to unsettle my principles, of beauty alone procuring what are called high marriages; and would you believe, Doctor—foolish girl that I was—I did not despair of becoming myself the wife of a man of rank—of wearing a coronet upon my brow!—Oh! my guilty heart aches to think of the many worthy and admirable young men who honored me with proposals I spurned with scorn—with insolence. If reason—if common-sense had guided me—had I rather listened to the will of Heaven, uttered through the gentle remonstrances and instructions of my poor mother—I might have been, to this hour, a blooming branch upon the tree of society, and not a withered bough soon to fall off—but not, oh, no, my gracious God and Father!—not into the burning!’ exclaimed Miss Edwards, her voice faltering, and her eyes lifted up towards Heaven with a kind of awful hope.—‘I need not weary you with describing the very many little flattering adventures I met with; and which, alas! I met with too often to allow of the common duties of life being tolerable to me. Your lady, Doctor, in happier times, would listen to them, and warn me not to be led away by them.

* * * * *

‘But let me come at once to the commencement of my woes. You may recollect the pleasant banks of the—? Oh, the happy hours I have spent there! I was walking, one Sunday evening, along the river side, reading some book—I now forget what—when I almost stumbled against a gentleman that was similarly engaged. He started back a step or two—looked at me earnestly for a moment—and, taking off his hat, with a high-bred air, begged my pardon. He looked so hard at me, that I began to fancy he knew me. I colored—and my heart beat so quick and hard, that I could hardly breathe; for I should, indeed, have been blind not to see that my appearance struck him; how *his* affected me, let the remainder of my life from that hour tell in sighs and groans of anguish! He was the handsomest man I think I have ever seen. He seemed about thirty years old. There was something about his face that I cannot express; and his voice was soft—his manners were kind and dignified. Indeed, indeed, it was the hour of fate to me! He said something about ‘blaming not each other for the interruption we had experienced, but the authors, whose works

kept us so intently engaged,' in such a gentle tone, and his dark eyes looking at me so mildly, that I could not help listening to him, and feeling pleased that he spoke to me. I begged that he would not blame himself, and said he had done nothing to apologize for. He said not another word on the subject, but bowed respectfully, and talked about the beautiful evening—the silence—the scenery—and in such language! so glowing, so animated, so descriptive, that I thought he must be a poet. All the while he was speaking, there was a diffident distance about him—a sort of fear least he was displeasing me, that charmed me beyond what I could express, and kept me rooted to the spot before him.

"I presume, madam, as you are so fond of waterside scenery," said he, "you often spend your evenings in this way?"

"I replied that I often certainly found my way there."

"Well, ma'am," said he with a sweet smile, "I cannot think of interrupting you any longer. I hope you will enjoy this lovely evening."

"With this he took off his hat, bowed very low, and passed on. If he had but known how sorry I was to see him leave me! I felt fascinated. I could not help looking behind me to see him, and, to be sure, caught him also looking towards me: I would have given the world for a decent pretence for bringing him to me again! My heart beat—my thoughts wandered too much, to admit of my reading any more; so I closed my book, sat down on the white roots of a great tree that overshadowed the river, and thought of nothing but this strange gentleman. I wondered who he was—for I had never seen him before in the place, and teased myself with speculations as to whether he really felt towards me any thing further than towards a mere stranger. I went home. I sat down to the piano, where I began twenty different things, but could finish none of them. My mother wished me to write a letter for her; I obeyed, but made so many mistakes, that she got angry, and wrote it herself after all. All night long did I think of this fascinating stranger. His soft voice was perpetually whispering in my ear; his bright piercing eyes were always looking at me. I woke almost every half hour, and began to think I must be surely, as they say, bewitched. I got quite alarmed at finding myself so carried away by my feelings. Can you believe all this? You may call it love at first sight—any thing you choose. Would to Heaven it had been hatred at first sight! That evening fixed a spell upon me. I was driven on I do not know how. I could not help taking a walk the next evening. It was nonsense—but I must needs take my book with me. My heart beat thick whenever I saw the figure of a gentleman at a distance; but I was disappointed, for he whom I looked for did not come that evening. The next evening, and the one after that, foolish woman that I was!—did I repair with a fluttering heart to the same spot—but in vain—the stranger did not make his appearance. On the Sunday evening, however, I unexpectedly met him, arm in arm with another gentleman. Gracious Heaven! how pale and languid he looked—and his right arm in a sling! He bowed—smiled rather pensively at me—colored a little I thought—and passed me. I found soon afterwards that a duel had been fought in the immediate neighborhood, on Tuesday last, the day but one after the meeting I have described, between a Lord—and Captain—, in which the latter was wounded in the arm. Yes—then there could be no doubt—it was Captain—whom I had talked to. And he had been in a duel! Oh, Doctor, I dropped the newspaper which told me the circumstance. I trembled—I felt agitated, as if he had been, not a stranger, but a relative. There was no concealing the truth from myself. I felt sick and faint at

the thought of the danger he had been exposed to ; and such an interest in him altogether, as I could not describe. Doctor—fool, wretched, weak fool that I was—already I loved him.—Yes, an utter stranger—one who had never given me even a look or word beyond the commonest complaisance ! The absurd notions I had got from novels came into my head. I thought of fate, and that it was possible our feelings were mutual—with much more nonsense of the same sort. I was bewildered all day—and told my mother I felt poorly. Poor, good, deceived mother ! she was for having *advice* for me !

‘Two or three evenings after, we met again. My heart melted to see his pale features, his languid air. Somehow or another—I forget how—we got again into conversation ; and I at once taxed him with having fought a duel. What—oh what could have prompted me ! He blushed, and looked quickly at me, with surprise but not displeasure ; saying, in a low tone, something or other about his ‘pride at being an object of my sympathy.’ Doctor —, I can but again and again ask you to bear with me in this history of my guilt and folly ! Before we parted, I was actually imprudent enough to accept his arm. We often met at that spot afterwards, and by appointment. I was enchanted with my new companion—there was something so elegant, so fashionable, so refined about him. I found he was an officer in a regiment of cavalry, and staying at —, on account of ill health. He must have been blind, indeed, not to have seen that I doated—yes, sigh, Doctor!—that I doated upon him : but when I was one evening infatuated, mad enough, to beg him *not to appear to know me*, if he should happen to meet me walking with my mother, or any one else, you will surely believe that I must have been possessed by Satan ! The moment the fatal words were out of my mouth, I snatched my arm out of his, started back, and turned very pale and faint. I am sure I must—for he instantly asked me with alarm if I was ill. Ill ! I was ready to sink into the earth out of his sight ! His winning ways, however, soon made me forget all—forget even, alas, alas ! that I now stood fatally committed to him ! When I returned home, I felt oppressed with a guilty consciousness of what I had done. I could not look my mother in the face. I felt stupified at recollecting what I had said, but with great effort concealed all from my mother. It is needless to say, that after this Captain — and I met on the footing of lovers ; I expecting him, on each occasion, to propose marriage ; and he walking by my side, talking in a strain that set my soul on fire with passionate admiration for him. What a charming, what a delightful companion ! Forgetting, for a moment, all the nonsense of novels, I felt I could have adored him, and made him my husband, had he been the poorest of the poor ! When he was not with me, he would write me sometimes two or three letters a day—and such letters ! If you—even you, had seen them, you would have owned how unequal was the struggle ! At length I felt piqued at his hesitation, in not saying something decisive and satisfactory on the subject that was nearest my heart ; but on the very morning when I thought I had made up my mind to tell him we must part, for that I should get myself talked of in the town, and alarm my mother—he saved me all farther anxiety, by telling me, in enthusiastic terms, that he felt he could not live without me, and asked me if I had any objection to a private marriage ; adding, that his father was a haughty, selfish man, and all the other falsehoods that have ruined—and alas, alas ! will yet ruin, so many wretched girls ! Woe, woe, woe is me that I listened to them—that I believed all—that, indeed, Captain — could have scarce said any thing I would not have believed ! I must have

been, alas! given over to destruction not to understand—never once to reflect on the circumstance of his refusal ever to come to our house to see my mother, or allow me to breathe a hint about what had passed between us! Alas, had but a daughter's heart glowed with a thousandth part of the love towards her mother, with which that mother's yearned towards *her*—a moment's sigh—an instant's confidence—would have broken the charm—would have set me free from the spoiler! 'I must keep my old father in the dark about this matter, as you your mother, Eleanor,' said he, 'till the marriage is over, and then they cannot help themselves!' He talked to me in this strain for nearly a month; for my better angel helped me to fight against him so long—flashing incessantly before me the figure of my poor, precious, heart-broken mother—and I refused to listen to his proposals. But at last he prevailed. He talked me to death on the subject; persuaded me, that if I would elope, I could leave a letter, telling my mother how soon she would see me the wife of Captain —; and at last I began to think in the same way.

"Dear, dear Captain —! How much I am trusting to you!" said I, one night, weeping, after he had wrung a reluctant consent from me. "Oh, don't, don't bring down my poor mother's grey hairs with sorrow to the grave!"—

"My dear, dear, good girl!" he exclaimed, folding me fondly in his arms, and kissing me in a sort of transport. I felt then confident of my safety! That very evening did I write the proposed letter to my mother, telling her of all. Oh how I tried to crowd my whole heart into every word! My color went and came—my knees shook—my hands trembled—my head swam round—I felt cold and hot by turns. I got the letter written, however, and stepped into bed—a sleepless one you may imagine. That night—that very night—I dreamed a dream that might have saved me: that I looked out of bed, and saw a beautiful but venomous snake gliding about under the chest of drawers, near the windows. It shocked me as I gazed shudderingly at it, but I did not once think of Captain —. Alas, I have since!

'The next day, my injured, unsuspecting mother had fixed for paying a visit to a friend who lived some few miles off, from whence she would not return till the day after. Monster—monster—perfidious creature that I was! I chose the first night that my mother and I had been separated for years—the time when she had left all in my care—to forsake her and home, to elope at midnight with my destroyer in a coach and four for Gretna Green! We set off—oh, that horrible night—that!—Here Miss Edwards turned suddenly deadly pale. Her manner had for some time shown increasing agitation, though she spoke with undiminished energy till she uttered the last words.

'I cannot suffer you to proceed any farther this evening, Eleanor,' said I, forcing on her some wine and water, 'your efforts have exhausted you!'

She nodded, and attempted to speak, but her voice failed her.

'To-morrow shall I come, if you find yourself better?' She nodded acquiescence. I called in the nurse immediately, ordered some little quieting medicine for Miss Edwards, and left the nurse to prepare her for bed.

I have omitted much that she told me—much that might have added to the powerful effect her simple and touching mode of telling it might have produced upon the reader, had I given it entire—lest I should fatigue his attention.

The next evening found us again together as on the preceding.—I entreated her not to resume her narrative, if it were painful to her—observing her in tears when I entered.

‘Yes, Doctor—indeed I am pained; but, let it wring my heart as it may, I must go on with the black story I have commenced. Do but be prepared to hear with forgiveness much that will shock you—that I will make you look on me with loathing—no, no then—I will say, pity!’

‘I cannot pain you with a particular account of the means by which my destroyer succeeded in effecting my ruin. Once in the accursed travelling-carriage, we went, I afterwards found, in a far different direction to that of Gretna Green. I think I must have been mad throughout the journey. I recollect nothing distinctly; all seems yet in a mist—a mist of excitement, of mingled apprehension and delight. Captain ——— was all tenderness, all persuasion. He kept me in a constant whirl. He never suffered me to be left alone for an instant—to think of what I was doing. No—that was not his plan! For two days, I do not think I had leisure to look back, and reflect on what I had left. I felt—strange, dreadful to say—no uneasiness. Oh, my very heaven was to be in the company of Captain ———, to look at him, to hear him speak to me, to think he was now *mine*, mine for life! But on the morning of the third day—here she shuddered from head to foot, and paused—‘I awoke in a fright; for I had been dreaming about the serpent I had dreamed of before we eloped. Then it glided about under the drawers at a distance; now it was writhing about on the very bed on which I lay! The vividness of my dream awoke me, as I said, in horror. Alas, my eyes were opened! BESIDE me lay the serpent!’

‘I shrieked aloud—I sprang out of bed—I tore my hair with frantic gestures. He leaped out after me in consternation, and attempted to pacify me, but in vain. My cries brought an elderly, respectable female into the room. He told her that ‘his wife’ was only in hysterics—that I was unfortunately subject to them. I recollect nothing more distinctly, of that dreadful day. By the next, with Belial cunning and persuasion, he had soothed and flattered me into something like my former insensibility to my situation. I felt as if it was useless to resist his influence! Before the week was over, we were in Paris. Not all the myriad gaieties of that place, however, could lull or distract the worm from gnawing at my heart! For three weeks, I was incessantly in tears—often in hysterics. Captain ——— behaved to me with exquisite tenderness. He spent immense sums in procuring me amusement; and, in a month longer, I found—spite of myself—my sorrow wearing off. He had accustomed me gradually to wine, and at length he was obliged to check my increasing propensity to it with anger. Once—once only, do I recollect having mentioned the sacred name of my mother. He presently produced me a letter, which he pretended to have received from a friend at ———, where I had lived; which said that my mother, on finding out what I had done, burnt the letter I had left for her—cursed me—called me by an infamous name, and vowed solemnly never to receive or acknowledge me again. How I recollect one sentence he read me!

‘“The old woman goes on much as usual, only very furious when her daughter’s name is mentioned. She says, as the slut has made her bed, so she must lie upon it!”

‘How—oh, how could I be for an instant deceived by such a shallow—such an infamous fabrication? I know not; strange as it may seem, I *wished* to think it true, to pacify myself—to blunt the horrid sting of remorse. The Devil, too, had blinded me!’

'From that time, I began to find my feelings dulled, and got in a manner satisfied with my situation. I had talked about *marriage* till he almost struck me in his fury; and I got wearied and frightened out of my importunities. We spent some time on the banks of the beautiful Rhine, and travelled over the most delicious parts of Switzerland; after which we returned again to Paris. Altogether, we spent about seven months in France. Towards the latter part of that time, stupified as I was, I discovered a gradual but melancholy change in his manner towards me. He seemed trying, I thought, to disgust me with him! He introduced to our table some English friends of his, noblemen and others, and did not seem to care how pointedly they paid their attentions to me, nor how I received them. Then he began to get piqued at my "impropriety," he said. That gave him a handle of offence against me. Our life was one of incessant bickering. He began to talk about his leave of absence having expired—that he must return to England. He told me, at length, abruptly, that he had but ten days longer to continue in France, as his regiment was unexpectedly ordered off for India, and I must return to England with him instantly. Return to England? The thought was horror! The day before that fixed for our return to England, I eloped with Lord ———, an extravagant, dissipated, but handsome young man; and we bent our course towards Rome. There I did indeed blazon my shame. I was allowed whatever dress—whatever ornaments I chose to order. I quite shone in jewelry—till I attracted universal attention. Alas, too well I knew the answer given to the perpetual inquiry—"who is she?" Bear with me, kind Doctor—bear with me in my guilty story, when I tell you that in less than three months I quitted Lord ———, for the society of an Italian nobleman; his, for that of a French Count—and there I shall pause!

'Within two years of my first arrival in France, I found myself in Paris—alone. Ill health had considerably changed my appearance, and of course unfitted me, in a measure, for the guilty splendors of the life I had been leading. My spirits had fallen into the lowest despondency; so that Sir ———, the man with whom I had last lived, quitted me in sudden disgust, with not more than a hundred pounds in my pocket—to manage as I could for myself.

'I lived alone at Paris for nearly three weeks, doing little else than drink wine and take laudanum. Then I began to long for England, though I dreaded to see it. The flutter of my heart almost choked me, when I thought of home.

'Restless as an evil spirit, I knew not what to do with myself, or whether to go. Still something drew me to England, and accordingly I abruptly left France, and arrived at London in December. In the packet, I happened to meet a gentleman I often met at Captain ———'s table. Careless and stupified, I heeded not what I did; so he had but little difficulty in persuading me to accept his lodgings in London as mine. I lived with him about a month. Is not all this frightful, Doctor? exclaimed Miss Edwards, abruptly. I shook my head, and sighed.

'Yes!' she resumed, echoing my sigh from the very depths of her bosom; 'it is an awful catalogue of crime indeed; but let me hasten through it, Doctor, while I have strength, for I sicken with the story.

'When I was left alone in London, my spirits grew more and more depressed. I felt sinking into what is called melancholy madness. I went one evening to Drury-Lane Theatre, almost stupified with wine, which I had been drinking alone, for I should really have destroyed my-

self but for the excitement of wine. I need hardly say to what part of the boxes, a young woman, elegantly dressed, and alone, was ushered. It was that allotted to my miserable sisters in guilt. I sat at the corner of the boxes, a large shawl almost concealing me from head to foot. The orchestra was playing the overture. Oh, how sick, how faint that music made me, which all others listened to with ecstasy. It was of a pensive description, sad, but sweet beyond imagination; and it affected me so powerfully, that I was obliged to rush from the place, and seek fresh air. I returned in about half an hour. The vast house had completely filled while I was away; all was light and splendor; and the merry audience was shaking with laughter at the scenes of a favorite comedy. I—I could not laugh, but rather scream with the agonizing intensity of my feelings.

“La, how she sighs! Mighty fine, to be sure,” exclaimed a rude wretch that sat beside me glaring in finery. My heart drooped under the insult. I could not resent it. I gazed languidly at the happy people occupying the private boxes. How I envied them! In casting my eye round them, it fell on a party in that nearest but one to me. Gracious God! it was Captain —— with three ladies, one of them very beautiful; and he was paying her the most anxious attentions.

“I remember no more till I found myself, early in the morning, in bed at my lodgings, attended by a girl in fine clothes. I then found, on inquiry, that I had suddenly fallen back on the floor of the boxes in a swoon, and was immediately carried out, attended by a girl that sat near me, who, having found by a paper in my pocket where I lived, brought me home. The woman of the house insisted on my quitting it immediately. I owed her no rent; “But that was all one,” she said; “I was a slut, and must be off!” The girl I spoke of refused to leave my room till I had a little recovered; and easily persuaded me to accompany her to her lodgings. I had about £30 with me, and a few articles of elegant and expensive dress. I lay in bed at my new residence for two days, without once rising; and no words can tell the horror that was upon me! At the end of that time my companion prevailed upon me to accompany her to the play—whither, half intoxicated, I went. But I cannot pause over the steps by which I hurried on to the vilest excesses of infamy. My money exhausted—all the dress, except what I wore, pawned; what was to become of me? With the wages of shame and sin, I strove madly to drink myself to death; yes, Doctor, to death! I tried to live hard, that my health might fail—that I might die, if it were the death of a dog. I was soon obliged to leave my companion in guilt. She was more dreadfully addicted to drinking even than I; and in one of her sudden frenzies abused me, and at last struck me a blow with a decanter, that felled me in an instant, stunned and bleeding to the floor. See, Doctor, I have the mark of it!” said Miss Edwards, pushing aside her hair, and disclosing a large scar over the corner of her left forehead.

“You may wonder, Doctor, that I have said so little about my mother; but must not suppose that I *thought* little of her. Her injured image was always before my eyes, and served but to drive me into deeper despair. My own shame and misery were tolerable indeed, when I thought of what *her* sufferings must be! I never dared to make any inquiries about her. How, indeed, could I? Suddenly, however, I resolved, I knew not why—for the thought came over me like a flash of lightning—to go down to ——, come what would—to see her, if possible, in disguise, without her knowing me. I exchanged my gay clothes with a

poor woman of the town for her wretched rags; painted my face, concealed all my hair under my bonnet; and, with little more than money enough to pay my coach-hire down—careless about the means of coming up—got upon the ——— coach, by night.

‘It rained and blew cruelly cold—but I had no umbrella—no protection against the inclement weather, but an old worn-out green cloak, that was comparatively useless to me. No one on the coach—indeed there were but three beside myself—would speak to such a wretched object as I looked, or offer me additional clothing! By five o’clock in the morning of the 10th of February, 18—, at about two miles’ distance from the town, I told them to set me down. I was so numb with cold, that I could scarcely keep my feet, till I found my way to a very small ale-house, by the roadside, where I called for gin, and drank off two glasses of it. Indeed, by the way, you would be horrified to know how I had accustomed myself to the use of raw spirits! Without waiting, I hastened onward. It was dark and dismal, truly. The rain, and the bitter wind, chilled my very heart within me, but I saw—felt—heard—thought of nothing but my wretched—my heart-broken mother. It was nearly seven o’clock when I entered the town. How my guilty, wearied heart beat, as I recognised the places about me! I drew my bonnet over my face—fearful lest, disguised as I was, I should by any chance be recognised—and skulked, like a thief, towards the street in which our house stood. I was often obliged to stop and lean against the walls and railings, to rest my aching limbs. At length I neared the dreaded spot. I looked—I strained my eyes till they ached. Alas! what was once *our* house, was now a shop, newly painted, with a strange name in great glaring gold letters over the bow-window. Oh my God! what feelings shot through my quivering heart at that moment!—I sat down upon the wet steps of a house nearly opposite. I wrung my hands—I bit my lips with the intensity of my anguish—for I was afraid of alarming the yet sleeping neighborhood with a shriek. At length an old man came slowly past, leading a horse. I asked him with a faltering voice, where Mrs. ——— (my mother) lived? He was deaf—and I was obliged to shout the name into his ear—though the effort seemed to exhaust all the little breath I had.

“Oh—Mrs. ———?—why—let me see! Her whose daughter ran off with the officer some time since?”

‘I nodded, though my eyes could no longer distinguish the person I was speaking to.

“Why—poor old lady—she’s been dead this year and a half”——

‘I heard no more. I did not faint—I did not fall—I did not utter a sound—but while he was speaking, walked away steadily and rapidly. My body seemed to swell as I went on. I felt as if I hardly touched the ground. Strange lights were before my eyes. My head seemed whirling round and round. As I walked in this strange way, a coach passed me. I stopped it—found it was going up to London, and got on at once.

“Going all the way up to London, young woman?” said the gruff guard.

‘I told him I was—and spoke not a word more, till we reached the coach-office in London. I had no money about me except a shilling or two, and the fare was a pound. They helped me off the coach; and when they found I could not pay my fare, abused me dreadfully—called me an impostor—and handed me over to a constable, who took me to the

police-office as a swindler. The magistrate, who was just leaving, soon disposed of the case. The coachman made his charge; and the magistrate sternly inquired how I dared to act so dishonestly? I fell down on my knees, scarce knowing where I was, or what I was doing. He looked hard at me, and seemed to pity me.

"Is it worth while to press for sentence on such a wretched creature as this?" he said, and flung me a small piece of silver. I fell down at full length on the floor, with a faint scream; and was, in an hour or two, sent off to the hospital. There I lay for six weeks, ill of a brain fever, which had several times nearly put an end to my wretched existence. When I was discharged, I had nothing to put on, and no home to go to. At the same time, another young woman left the hospital; who, seeing my utter destitution, invited me home with her, for at least a day, till I could turn myself about. She conducted me to a regular house of infamy! I wrote immediately to a gentleman, who had promised to send me money whenever I asked him. It was my first application, and was successful. He sent me £10 immediately, begging me not to write to him any more.—Shall I go on!

'With part of this sum I purchased gay clothes, and commenced—yes, the accursed life of a common prostitute! I seemed altogether changed since my visit to —, and my illness in the hospital. My poor mother now dead—murdered—murdered by her vile daughter—I had scarce a relation in England that I knew of. Society, I was shut out from forever. I lived in a state of mind that I cannot describe; a sort of calm desperation—quite indifferent what became of me—often wishing that I might drop down dead in the streets. I seldom passed three hours in the day sober; every farthing of money I could procure, was instantly changed for the most scorching *spirits*! But I will not torture you with describing the life I led for a year after this; it was that of a devil! A few things, however, I may mention. As I was standing at the box-entrance of the theatre one night, in company with several other women like myself, I unexpectedly saw Captain —, handing a splendidly-dressed lady out of a carriage. Without my wishing it—before, indeed, I was aware of it, his eye fell upon me, and he knew me. He turned ghastly pale; and was obliged to return back into the carriage, with the lady, his wife I suppose, and drive home. Perhaps he thought I should make myself known; but no—I turned fainter far than he, and staggered away to some steps, on which I sat down to recover myself. By means of a Court Guide, which, by some accident or other, found its way into my hands, I soon afterwards found out where he lived. I often went, late at night, when it was dark and wet, so that no one seemed likely to be stirring, and paced to and fro before the large house where he lived, with feelings none can tell. How often has my heart's fluttering half-choked me, while I have listened to the sound of the piano in the drawing-room! No doubt, thought I, his wife is playing to him, and he is leaning on the sofa looking at her fondly! Oh! the hours—the nights I have passed in this wretched way! I thought myself more like a fiend haunting him, than anything human. And yet, dreadfully as he had injured me, I would have died before I could have annoyed him! And, Doctor, I have done the same often towards another house in London. There, also, have I paced for hours—bitter hours—and that house was *yours*! She burst into tears, and was several minutes before she could resume her narrative. I suggested that I would hear her proceed with her history at some future day—but she told me it was now nearly over. At length she resumed.

'I once walked several streets after you and Mrs. —, and felt as if I could have kissed the ground you walked on. I dared not draw near, lest I should pollute you—lest I might, horrid creature, be seen and recognised; and when I lost sight of you, I had nothing for it but to hurry home, and drown my agony in drink. Did you never hear of my elopement, Doctor, before now?' she inquired abruptly. I answered that I had not; that, as the air did not suit my wife, we never went again to —; and that after she and Miss Edwards had ceased corresponding, the pressure of domestic and professional engagements prevented our inquiring after her. She sighed, and proceeded.

'I have often seen in places of amusement, and in the streets, some of the persons to whom Captain — introduced me in France, but they either could not, or would not, recognise me—and I never attempted to remind them of me. At length, however, even liquor was insufficient to keep up my spirits. I wandered about the streets—I herded with the horrible wretches about me—as if I was only half aware of what I did and where I was. I would have lived alone—but I dared not! The most dreadful thoughts assailed me. The guilt of my past life would often gleam back upon me in a way that almost drove me mad, and I have woken a whole house with my moanings! To occupy my thoughts, when obliged to be alone, I used to send for the papers, in one of which, while carelessly casting my eyes over the list of deaths, I saw the name of my cousin, by which I knew at once that I was entitled, as I told you before, to the sum of £3000. I instantly determined never to touch it—never to apply for it. I felt I had no business with it; that the dead would shake in their graves if I stretched out my hands towards it. Once I saw my name at the head of an advertisement, stating that by applying somewhere or other I should hear of something to my advantage! I had resolved in my own mind, to leave the whole, when I died, to a particular charity, on condition that they would not allow my name to be known. You can guess the charity I mean, Doctor?' She paused, as if waiting for an answer.

'The Magdalen Hospital,' said I, in a low tone.

'Yes,' she replied with a sigh—'but to return, Doctor, let me now tell you of a dreadful circumstance, marking indeed the hand of Providence, which occurred only about six months before the period when you first saw me at — Court. As I was walking about five o'clock in the afternoon, in Oxford street, miserable as I always was, both at home and abroad, I heard a sudden shout of alarm in the street; and, on turning round, saw everything clearing hastily out of the way of a horse galloping along like lightning towards where I stood, its rider evidently almost falling from his seat. As I stood near one of the cross-streets, the horse suddenly shot past me, round the corner, and, frightful to tell, in the act of turning round, swift as light, being, I suppose, startled by some object or other, threw its unfortunate rider over its head with stunning force against a high iron pump, and galloped off faster than before. A crowd of course collected instantly about the sufferer; and I could not help joining it, to find out whether or not the gentleman was killed. The crowd opened suddenly in the direction where I stood, making way for two men who were carrying their stunned and bleeding burden to a doctor's shop close by. He was quite motionless, and the blood pouring from his head. The sight made me, you may suppose, sick and faint, but—She paused—'Doctor,' she continued with a gasp, her face blanching with the recollection, 'a glance at the countenance, half covered with

blood though it was, showed me the features of Captain ——! Here Miss Edwards again became exceedingly agitated, trembling from head to foot, and continuing deadly pale. I also felt deeply shocked at the incident she had been telling. At length, in a broken and rather indistinct tone, she proceeded, 'I shrieked at the spectacle, and swooned, and was helped by some bystanders to an adjoining shop, which it was nearly an hour before I could leave, in a hackney-coach, for my lodgings. I never recovered the shock of that terrible occurrence. The next day's newspaper, which you may believe I bought with sickening apprehension, announced that Captain had been killed on the spot, and that his heart-broken widow was within only a few days of her confinement.

'The moment I recognised the bleeding body as I have told you, a strange pain shot across my breast. I felt—I knew it was my death-stroke—I knew I had not long to live—that the destroyer and his victim would soon be once more within the dreadful sight of each other!—My health and spirits—if it is not a mockery to call them such, soon broke down altogether; every night was I scared with the spectre of Captain ——, every day tortured with the recollections of his bleeding corpse, and the horrid associations of my past and present guilt! Unable to follow my foul, revolting line of life as before, I wandered like a cursed spirit, from one house of infamy to another, each worse than the former,—frequently beaten with cruel violence, half-starved, and sometimes kicked out of doors into the street, because—I would not *work*!—Twice have I been dragged disgracefully before a magistrate, on false accusations of robbing the vile wretch that owned the house in which I lived! I have lodged in places that were filthier than hog-sties; I have heard robberies planned—and have listened with silent horror to schemes for entrapping the innocent of both sexes to their destruction. Once—once only I dared a whisper of remonstrance—and it earned me a blow from the old Jewess with whom I lived, that stretched me senseless on the floor amid the laughter and derision of the wretches around us. Pressed by horrid want, I have plied the detestable trade I exercised—and been compelled to smile and caress those who chose to call for me—to drink with them—at the moment when my heart was dying within me! when I felt that consumption was working deeper and deeper into my vitals!

'About three weeks before you saw me, I happened to be prowling about the streets, when my haggard appearance struck a gentleman who was passing by on horseback. He eyed me earnestly for some moments, and then suddenly dismounted, and gave his horse into the hands of his servant. He had recognised me—spite of the dreadful alteration in my appearance—told me he had known me in what he called, alas! my 'earlier and better days'—and I recognised in him the nobleman for whose company I had quitted Captain ——! He could hardly speak for the shock he felt. At length he uttered a word or two of commiseration—and taking out a bank-note from his pocket-book, which I afterwards found was for twenty pounds—he gave it me, telling me to look after my health—and, a little agitated, I thought, left me, as if ashamed to be seen for an instant speaking with such a wretched object as myself!—I, who had £3000 and more at my command, accepted the *charity*—the bitter charity of this gentleman, with sullen composure—or resignation—as I thought; fancying, that by so doing, I was, in a manner, atoning for the enormity of my crimes. At the moments of my uttermost need, when fainting beneath the agonies of starvation—I felt a savage pleasure in thinking how much money I had

within my reach, and yet refused to touch!—Guilty—ignorant creature—as if this could be viewed with satisfaction by Him—Him whom I had most offended! With the help of this £20, which I was afraid to trust myself with in the house where I then resided, for fear of being robbed—perhaps murdered by those about me, I went over to a distant part of the town, and took up my residence—I forget how—in the filthy place from which you rescued me. I had not been there a week, when I took to my bed, finding it impossible to drag my aching—my trembling limbs more than a few steps at a time. I felt that death had at last got his cold arms completely around me; and, partly in despair—partly under an influence I knew not how to resist—kind, inestimable Doctor, I sent off the line which brought you like an angel of mercy to my bedside!—My life at that place, though for so short a period, was a perpetual Hell—worse, I found—far worse than any I had before known.

‘Why did not I, you may ask, with the £20 I have been speaking of, seek out a decent and virtuous place of residence? I can only answer—ask the Devil—the Devil that never once left me! Guilty myself, I went naturally to the scenes of guilt; I could not—I dared not go to any other!—And suppose I had taken lodgings at a place of good character—that such people would have received a wretch as I too plainly appeared—what was I to do when the £20 was gone? No—I preferred keeping in the black waters of pollution, till they closed over me! But I was saying how dreadfully I was treated in the last house to which I removed, and where you found me. When too late, I discovered that it was a noted house of call, for—thieves, in addition to its other horrors; and the scenes I was compelled to witness, I cannot attempt to describe! Would you believe it, Doctor?—one morning, the woman who called at your house, actually struck me upon the mouth, till the blood gushed out, because I told her I was too ill to get out of bed and accompany the rest of her wretched flock to some place of low entertainment!—I submitted to it all, however, as to purgatory—thinking I might as well die there as anywhere else!—Believe me, Doctor—in my ignorance, my blindness to the horrors of hereafter—I looked on death, and longed for it—as a worn-out traveller looks out for the place of his evening’s rest! I expected to find in the grave, the peace, the quiet, the forgetfulness which the world denied me: and as for anything *beyond*, my mind had grown unable to comprehend the thoughts of it—to understand anything about it. But from this long and dismal dream—this trance of guilt and horror—the Providence of God!’—

Miss Edwards here paused, and languidly drew her handkerchief over her face, which showed me, alas, by its color and expression, how much she was exhausted. While I was speaking to her, in as kind a tone of sympathy as my emotion would admit of—for I need hardly say how I felt overcome with her long and melancholy narrative—she fainted. Though I used every known means, on the impulse of the moment, to recall her to consciousness, they seemed of no avail: and greatly alarmed, I summoned the nurse, and the apothecary. As the latter entered, however, she slowly opened her eyes, and a sigh evidenced the return of consciousness. I continued by her side for nearly an hour longer, speaking all the soothing things my heart could devise—implored her not to harrow herself with useless recollections of the past.

‘But—what a wretch—what a monster must you think me, Doctor!’ she exclaimed, faintly, averting her face. ‘Is not the air I breathe, pollution?’

‘Eleanor, Eleanor! The Redeemer of the world said not so to the

trembling one that washed his feet with her tears.' The poor girl, overpowered with the recollection, sobbed hysterically several times, and clasped her hands in an ecstasy of emotion—murmuring, but so indistinctly, I could scarce catch the words—'He said—go in peace!'

'That blessed history,' she continued, when a little recovered, 'is all that makes life tolerable to me. I cling to it, as an earnest of the pardon of Heaven! Oh, it was written for me—for the guilty such as me—I feel, I *know* it was!—Oh! world, cruel world—I can bear your scorn! I can bear the finger of contempt pointed at me! I can submit to hear you curse me—I turn from you my eyes—I look to Him, I listen only to Him that looked on Mary, and forgave her!'

'Well, Eleanor, such thoughts as these are sent to you from Heaven! He you speak of has heard, and answered you!—But I must not stay here. I see your feelings are too much excited; they will injure you. You must be got into bed immediately—and, if you wish it, the chaplain shall read a prayer beside you! Farewell, Eleanor, till to-morrow! May your thoughts this night be of happier hue! Sleep—sleep easier, breathe freely, now that so black a burden has been removed from your feelings!'

She uttered not a word, but grasped my hand with affectionate energy, and kissed it. I returned home, filled with mournful recollections of the sad story I had heard, and humble hopes that the mercy of Heaven might yet beam brightly upon the short period that was allotted her upon the earth! The next day, as indeed I anticipated, I found Miss Edwards in a very low depressed frame of mind, suffering the re-action consequent upon excitement. Poor girl, she would not be persuaded but that I only *forced* myself to see her, from a sense of duty; that her touch, her presence, was intolerable; that what I had listened to of her confession, had made me despise her.

'Oh!' she exclaimed, with bitter emotion, 'how I abhor and hate myself for having told you so much; for having so driven from me my only friend!' Not all my most solemn assurances availed to convince her how deeply she was mistaken. She shook her head and wrung her hands in silent wretchedness. She even despaired of the mercy of Heaven. All this, however, I saw, was only a temporary mood of feeling, which I hoped would shortly disappear. She would not allow me, but with difficulty, to shake hands with her on leaving. Her whole frame shrunk from me as she exclaimed,—'Oh, touch me not!' To my great regret, and even astonishment, she continued in this melancholy humor for a whole week, till I accused myself of imprudence and cruelty in suffering her to tell me her history. My wife, on her return to London, called upon her; and her cordiality and affection a little re-assured the sorrow-stricken sufferer, and had far more effect than all the medicine of the Dispensary and the physicians there could do for her.

We supplied her, at her own earnest wish, with a little employment, to divert her mind from preying upon her already lacerated feelings. She worked at small articles of sewing, embroidery, &c. &c., which were afterwards taken, at her desire, to a charitable bazaar in the neighborhood. The interest taken in her case by the other medical attendants at the Dispensary, was almost as great as that I felt myself. All that our united experience could suggest, was anxiously done for her. Every symptom of danger was anxiously waited for, watched, and, with the blessing of Providence, expelled. All the nourishment she was capable of receiving, was given her in the most inviting frame. My wife, the chaplain, myself, and

the resident apothecary, were frequent visitors, for the purpose of keeping her spirits in cheerful and various exercise; and, with the aid of Heaven, these combined efforts proved eminently successful. I have very rarely, in the case of consumption, known a patient recover from such a hopeless degree of bodily and mental prostration, so satisfactorily as Miss Edwards. Her whole nature, indeed, seemed changed; her gentle, cheerful, graceful piety—if I may be allowed the expression—made piety lovely indeed. Not that she gave way to what is too often found to be the exacerbations arising from mere superstition acting upon weakened powers; that she affected what she did not feel, and uttered the sickening language of cant or hypocrisy. There was a lowliness, a simplicity, a fervor, a resignation about her, that could spring from sincerity alone!

The chaplain had given her a copy of the incomparable—the almost divine ‘*Saints’ Rest*’ of Baxter. Morning, noon, and night, did she ponder over its pages, imbibing their chastening, hallowing, glorifying spirit; and would often lay down the book in a kind of transport, her features glowing with an expression that rivalled my recollections of her former beauty.

She was soon able to bear the motion of a hackney-coach, and, attended by her faithful nurse, took several drives about the airiest parts of the suburbs. In short, her recovery was marked by the most gratifying signs of permanency. How my heart leaped with joy, after so long, painful, and anxious, often hopeless, an attendance on her, to enter her neatly-arranged room, and see her, not stretched upon the bed of agony and death—not turning her pale face to the wall, her soul filled with frightful apprehensions of an infinitely more frightful hereafter, but sitting ‘*clothed, and in her right mind,*’ reading, beside the window, or walking to and fro, supported by the nurse, her figure, elegant and beautifully moulded, yet painfully slender, habited in a neat dark dress; for ‘*white,*’ she said with a sigh, ‘*she was now unworthy to wear,*’—white—the vesture of the innocent! With what honest pride, too, did the nurse look at her,—her affectionate heart overjoyed at witnessing a recovery her own unwearied attentions had so materially conduced to ensure!

Finding Miss Edwards’s convalescence so encouraging and steady, I proposed to her, seriously, to make claim, through a respectable solicitor, to the property she was entitled to, and employ a part of it in engaging a small cottage, a few miles from town, before the beautiful summer-weather passed away. I suggested my advertising in the newspapers for such a place as we wanted, to be engaged from year to year, ready furnished; adding, that at a very trifling cost, the nurse could be prevailed on to accompany and attend upon her.

‘Come, Eleanor, now what possible rational objection can you have to all this?’ I inquired, finding she listened to my proposal in seriousness and silence.

‘Only,’ she replied, with a sad, sweet smile, ‘only that it would make me too—too happy!’ Matters were soon arranged. A respectable solicitor was duly instructed to put her in the proper way of obtaining what was due to her. There was little difficulty in doing so. The solicitor of her uncle, when written to, came up to town, acknowledged her right, and recognised her in a moment, though he had delicacy enough to abstain from any appearance of surprise, or unnecessary inquiry. There was, consequently, no obstacle on the score of identity; and the property was at once conveyed to her absolutely. I inserted in the newspapers such an advertisement as I spoke of, and it was answered the next day by the proprietor of precisely such a place as I wanted, which, therefore, I at once engaged,

on Miss Edwards's behalf, for a year, and made arrangements for her immediate removal thither. Before quitting the Infirmary, unknown to me, the grateful girl slipped a £50 note—much more than she could afford with comfort—into the poor-box of the institution; and no remonstrance of mine could make her recall it.

I shall not soon forget the day selected for removing Miss Edwards from the Infirmary; and I cannot help telling it a little particularly. We had a large glass-coach at the Dispensary door by eleven o'clock, in which were my wife, and two of my eldest children, to whom I had granted a holiday, for the purpose of accompanying us in this happy little journey—so different, thank God, from a former one! Miss Edwards, with her nurse, filled up the inside, and I rode upon the coach-box. Oh, that happy—that bright, beautiful morning! That moral harvest-home! Never did I feel the sun shine so blessedly, the summer-breeze richer, or the country more charming. Again I say—that happy morning! Heaven! then indeed was thy smile upon us, shedding into all our hearts peace and gladness! That five miles' drive was such an one as I may never have again—

‘When the freshness of heart and of feeling were mine,
As they never again may be.’

I wonder what the coachman must have thought of me? for I could scarcely check the exuberant spirits which animated me.

As for Miss Edwards, I learnt from my wife that she spoke but little all the way. Her feelings could scarce content themselves with the silent tears which perpetually forced themselves into her eyes—the tears of ecstasy. When my wife spoke to her, she often could not answer her.

The cottage was very small, but sweetly situated, at some little distance from the high-road. Its little white walls peeped from amid honey-suckle and jessamine, like a half-hid pearl glistening between the folds of green velvet.—As my two children trotted on before us with the basket of provisions, and my wife and I followed, with Miss Edwards between us, and the nurse behind, I felt that I was living months of happiness in a few moments of time. My good wife, seeing the difficulty with which Miss Edwards restrained her feelings, woman-like, began to help her fortitude, by bursting into tears, and kissing her. This quite overcame the poor girl. As we neared the cottage, she grew paler and paler—leaned more and more upon our arms—and as we entered the parlor door, fainted. She soon recovered, however; and gently disengaging herself from my wife and the nurse, sunk upon her knees, elevated her trembling hands towards heaven, looked steadfastly upward, in a silence we all felt too sacred to disturb; and the tears at length flowing freely, relieved a heart over-charged and breaking with gratitude. That was a solemn—a blessed moment; and I am not ashamed to acknowledge, that I felt so overpowered myself with my feelings, that I was compelled to quit the little room abruptly, and recover myself presently in the garden.

Sneer, ye ignorant of the human heart! Laugh, ye who have never known the luxury of being an instrument chosen by Heaven to assist in relieving the wretched, and bringing back the contrite mourner to peace and happiness; smile, ye whose hearts are impervious to the smiles of an approving Providence; sneer, I say—smile, laugh on—but away from such a scene as this! The ground is holy—oh, profane it not!

My heart is so full with recollections of that happy day, that I could spend pages over it; but I leave the few touches I have given as they are.

I add not a stroke to the little picture I have here sketched, in all the humility of conscious imperfection.

We did not quit till about eight o'clock in the evening. Miss Edwards lay on the sofa as we took leave of her, exhausted with the fatigue and excitement of the day.

'Doctor, if you should ever write to me, whispered the poor girl, as I held her hands in mine, 'call this—*Magdalen Cottage!*'

We paid her frequent visits in her new residence, and I found her, on each occasion, verifying our most anxious hopes of her permanent recovery. The mild summer—the sweet country air—a mind more at ease, and supported by the consolations of religion—did wonders for her. It was refreshing to one's feelings to be with her! She got worshipped by the few poor in her immediate neighborhood—for whom she was daily engaged in little offices of unassuming charity—and who spoke of her always as 'the good lady at the cottage.' She was always dressed in a simple species of half-mourning; and her pale and interesting features looked more so, by contrast with the dark bonnet and veil she wore. I understand that she passed for a widow among the poor, and others that concerned themselves with inquiring after her; and the nurse—now rather her servant—kept up the notion.

I do not wish to represent Miss Edwards as being always, as it were, on the stilts of sentiment, or perpetually in ecstasies—no such thing. She was placid, peaceful, humble, contented, pious; and all this is consistent with a pervading tone of subdued pensiveness, or even occasional sadness. Heart's ease—sweet flower! is not less heart's ease, because it may occasionally bloom in the shade!

Three years, nearly, did Miss Edwards reside at *Magdalen Cottage*, as she touchingly styled it: her health, though extremely delicate, was on the whole satisfactory. The nurse was a perfect treasure to her. I was almost tired of expressing to her my approbation and thanks. In the beginning of the second winter, however, I regretted deeply to hear from her, that Miss Edwards, in coming from evening service at the church, about a mile off, to which, though the weather was most inclement, she had imprudently ventured—caught a severe cold, which soon revived several slumbering and startling symptoms. She had received, in short, her deathblow. Alas! alas! how soon I began to hear of profuse night-sweats—of destructive coughing—and all the other fearful train of consumptive symptoms! Her appearance, too, soon began to tell of the havoc that disease was making with her constitution—already too much shattered to resist even the slightest attacks! I cannot pain the reader with dwelling on the early progress of her last symptoms. She soon left off her daily walks to the poor, and very soon took to her bed. Disease did indeed stride apace; and by the malignant intensity of suffering he inflicted, seemed revenging himself for his former defeat! The victim was indeed smitten; but it lay calmly awaiting the stroke of dismissal. She bore her last affliction with extraordinary meekness and fortitude. I thought she was really—unaffectedly rejoiced at the prospect of her removal. The poor nurse was infinitely the more distressed of the two: and the most serious reproofs I found necessary, to check the violence of her feelings. I must now, however, content myself with a few hasty entries from my Diary.

Wednesday, January 18th.—I called on Miss Edwards about four o'clock

in the afternoon, and found, from the nurse, that she was sitting up in bed, hearing three little girls, daughters of a neighboring peasant, their catechism. I was remonstrating in the parlor with the nurse for permitting Miss Edwards to act so imprudently, when a little girl came clattering hastily down stairs into the room, with a frightened air, saying, 'Come! come!' I hastened up, and found that the poor girl had fainted in the midst of her pious task; and the two terror-struck children were standing by in silence, with their hands behind them, staring at the ghastly paleness and motionlessness of their preceptress. The book had fallen from her hands, and lay beside her on the bed. I sent the children away immediately, and addressed myself to my sweet, suffering, but imprudent patient. When I had succeeded in recovering her from her swoon, the first words she uttered, were, in a faint tone—'Go on, love'—'My dear Eleanor—Eleanor!—It's I,—Doctor ——,' said I, gently.

'Well, then, you must try it, Mary,' she continued after a pause, in the same soft tone.—'Poor lady! she thinks she's got the children—she's not sensible,' whispered the nurse, in tears. What a lovely expression was there in Miss Edwards's face, blanched and wasted though it was!

'I'm afraid, my dear,' she commenced again—her head still running on the pious duty from which she had been surprised by her swoon—'I'm afraid you've been playing, instead'——'Come, Eleanor,' said I, gently.

'No, love, I'm better, now! Go on—that's a good girl!' My vinaigrette served at length to dispel the illusion. With a faint start, she recovered herself.

'Oh! Doctor ——! How are you? But'——she added, after a pause, 'where are the children?'

'They are gone, Eleanor! Really, really, my dear, you must not do so again! It is much more than your strength can bear! Forgive me, Eleanor, but I have forbid them to come again,' said I, kindly, not peremptorily. She looked at me with a little surprise, and in silence.

'Poor things!' she at length exclaimed, 'how little they thought it was the last time!'

The tears came into her eyes.

'Nurse,' said she softly, 'please did you give them the little cakes I told you of?'

The poor woman shook her head in silence.

* * * * *

'How do you feel to-day, Eleanor?' I inquired, feeling her pulse.

'Very, very weak; but so happy! I am sorry I heard the children, if you thought I did wrong—but'——her face brightened, 'He that loved little children seemed with me!'

'My dear Eleanor, I don't wish to hurt your feelings, but you miscalculate your strength! Indeed, indeed, you don't know how weak you are! Now promise me not to do so again!'

'I will, dear Doctor, I will! For my flesh is weak! But how is Mrs. ——?' (my wife.)

'She is well, and begs her love to you. I have brought with me some calves'-foot jelly; she made it herself for you, and hopes you will relish it.'

'She's very good to me—very,' sobbed the poor girl. 'I'll try to take a little this evening. But—I shall not want it long, Doctor,' she added, with a sad smile; 'I am going, I hope—to Heaven!'

She paused. I spoke not.

'If,' she resumed, 'such a poor guilty thing as I, shall be permitted to do so—dear Doctor—I will—I will always watch over you and your'—

Her emotions were becoming too violent, and I thought it best to take my leave, promising to be with her the next day. Alas, I saw her sweet sad spirit was not long to be excluded from that blessed place, 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest!' Indeed, it was hard to part with her!

January 19th to the 24th inclusive. During this interval Miss Edwards declined rapidly; but her sufferings never once seemed to shake her firm confidence in the mercy of God. She was occasionally elevated, partly through hysteric excitement, to a pitch of inspiration; and uttered such eloquence as I have seldom heard from female lips. The clergyman of the parish administered the sacrament to her once or twice, and it was consolatory, he said, to see the spirit in which she received it.

On one day during this interval, my wife (herself indisposed) accompanied me to Miss Edwards's bed-side; and the poor, fond, grateful girl's feelings got quite uncontrollable. I was obliged to remove my wife, almost fainting, from the room; and I fear the shock of that interview—which I afterwards blamed myself much for allowing—hurried Miss Edwards more rapidly to her end. On one of the days in question, she calmly arranged about the disposal of her little property; leaving the interest of £1000 to the nurse for her life; £200 to the poor of the parish; a trifle to me and my wife, 'for rings—if they will wear them;' and the rest to the Magdalen Hospital, on condition that it was given anonymously, and no attempt made to discover from what quarter it proceeded beyond me. I put the whole into the hands of my solicitor, and he got her will duly drawn and executed.

Wednesday, January 25th. Miss Edwards was sweetly calm and composed on this visit. She spoke to me of her funeral, begging it might be in the simplest way possible—followed by the nurse, three poor women, to whom she bequeathed black dresses for that purpose—and, if 'I would honor her poor unworthy dust,' by myself; that there should be no name, no plate upon the coffin-lid, and no grave-stone in the church-yard. She repeatedly and solemnly enjoined me to observe her wishes in this respect.

'Let me not leave my stained name behind me! No one would feel pleasure in seeing it—but, I believe—I humbly hope, it is written in the Books of Forgiveness above! Let me go gently, and in silence, into my mother Earth, and be thankful for so peaceful a resting-place!' The tone in which she uttered this, echoes yet in my ear!

'I am happy, Eleanor,' said I, much affected—'I am very happy to see you so composed in the prospect of death! Rely upon it, Heaven is very near you.'

'Yes—the Friend of Publicans and Sinners—I think He will not refuse to receive me!' she replied, the tears dropping from her eyes.

'How bright—how clear is all before you!'

In a solemn, slow whisper, she looked upwards with an air of awful confidence in the truth of what she was saying, and quoted the sublime language of Scripture. "I know that my Redeemer liveth—and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the Earth: And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!"

'Amen, Eleanor!' I exclaimed, taking her hand in mine—'we may meet again, my love,' said I, but paused abruptly. I felt choked.

'Oh, Doctor, yes!' she replied, with thrilling emphasis, gently compressing my hand. 'You must not, Doctor, when I am gone, quite forget me!

Sometimes, Doctor, think of the poor girl you saved from ruin—and believe she loved you !’ Our tears fell fast. I could not open my lips. ‘I know I am not worthy to be in your thoughts—but, dear Doctor! you will be among the last thoughts in my heart! Will you—kiss me, and promise that you will sometimes remember poor Eleanor!’

Almost blinded by my tears—unable to utter a word—I bent over her and kissed her. ‘God bless thee, Eleanor,’ I faltered. She spoke not, but shook her head with unutterable emotion. I could bear it no longer; so I faltered that she should see me again within a very few hours—kissed her with a second solemn—it might be final kiss, and left the room. I had ridden half way home before I could at all recover my self-possession. Every time that the pale image of Eleanor B—— came before me, it forced the tears afresh into my eyes, and half determined me to return instantly to her bedside, and continue there till she died.

Thursday, January 26th.—As I hurried up, about twelve o’clock, to the cottage, I saw an elderly woman, a stranger, in the act of closing the parlor shutters. Then my sweet patient was gone! I stepped into the parlor.

‘She is dead, I suppose?’ I inquired with a faltering voice.

‘Ah, poor, good lady, she *is* gone! She’s hardly been dead five minutes, though! Poor nurse is in a sad way about it.’

At that moment the nurse came down stairs, wringing her hands, and crying bitterly. ‘Oh—I wish I had died with her! Poor Miss Eleanor—I have lost you! I shall never’—and she cried as though her heart were breaking.

‘I hope she died easily?’ I inquired when she had grown calmer.

‘Yes—yes, sir! She had been going fast ever since you left yesterday, though she tried, poor, dear thing! to do something for you which she had long been about—and—she died with it in her hands!’

Without uttering a word more, I went up into the bedroom. I cannot describe the peculiar feelings of awe with which I am struck on seeing a very recent corpse—before it has been touched—before anything has been stirred or altered in the room about it. How forcibly I felt them on the present occasion!

‘Did she say anything before she died?’ I inquired of the nurse, as we stood watching the remains.

‘She sighed—and said softly—“Kiss me, nurse!—I’m leaving you!”—and died in a few minutes after, as if she was falling asleep!’ replied the nurse.

She lay on her left side, her black hair half-concealing her face; and in her hand was a sampler, which she had been working at, I found, frequently during her illness, with a view of having it given to me after her death—and which was not yet finished. I gently disengaged it from her insensible grasp—and let the reader imagine my feelings, on seeing nothing but the letters—

‘MARY MAGDALEN—
E——’

The other letter of her initials—‘B.’—the finger of death had prevented her adding.

I shall never part with that sampler till I die!—Oh, poor Mary Magdalen!—I will not forget thee!

MONA WATER.

BY MRS. NORTON.

Oh, Mona's waves are blue and bright
 When the sun shines out, like a gay young lover;
 But Mona's waves are dark as night,
 When the face of Heaven is clouded over.
 The wild wind drives the crested foam
 Far up the steep and rocky mountain,
 And booming echoes drown the voice—
 The silvery voice of Mona's fountain.

Wild, wild, against that mountain's side
 The wrathful waves were up and beating,
 When stern Glenvarloch's chieftain came,
 With anxious brow and hurried greeting.
 He bade the widowed mother send,
 (While loud the tempest's voice was raging,)
 Her fair young son across the flood,
 Where winds and waves their strife were waging.

And still that fearful mother prayed,
 'Oh! yet delay—delay till morning,
 For weak the hand that guides our bark,
 Though brave his heart—all danger scorning.'
 Little did stern Glenvarloch heed:—
 'The safety of my fortress tower
 Depends on tidings he must bring
 From Fairlie bank within the hour.

'Seest thou across the sullen wave
 A blood-red banner wildly streaming?
 That flag a message sends to me,
 Of which my foes are little dreaming!
 The boy must put his boat across,
 (Gold shall repay his hour of danger,)
 And bring me back, with care and speed,
 Three letters from the light-browed stranger.'

The orphan boy leapt lightly in;
 Bold was his eye, and brow of beauty;
 And bright his smile, as thus he spoke:
 'I do but pay a vassal's duty;
 Fear not for me, oh! mother dear,
 See how the boat the tide is spurning;
 The storm will cease, the sky will clear,
 And thou shalt watch me safe returning.'

His bark shot on—now up, now down,
 Over those waves—the snowy crested—
 Now like a dart it sped along,
 Now like a white-winged sea-bird rested.
 And ever when the wind sank low,
 Smote on the ear that woman's wailing,
 As long she watched, with straining eyes,
 That fragile bark's uncertain sailing.

He reached the shore—the letters claimed—
 Triumphant heard the stranger's wonder,
 That one so young should brave alone
 The heaving lake, the rolling thunder.
 And once again his snowy sail
 Was seen by her, that mourning mother;
 And once she heard his shouting voice—
 That voice the waves were soon to smother!

Wild burst the wind—wide flapped the sail—
 A crashing peal of thunder followed;
 The gust swept o'er the water's face,
 And caverns in the deep lake hollowed!
 The gust swept past—the waves grew calm—
 The thunder died along the mountain;
 But where was he who used to play,
 On sunny days, by Mona's fountain?

His cold corpse floated to the shore,
 Where knelt his lone and shrieking mother;
 And bitterly she wept for him,
 The widow's son, who had no brother!
 She raised his arm—the hand was closed—
 With pain the stiffened fingers parted,
 And on the sand those letters dropped,
 His last dim thought—the faithful hearted!

Glenvarloch gazed, and on his brow
 Remorse, and pain, and grief seemed blending;
 A purse of gold he flung beside
 That mother o'er her dead child bending.
 Oh, wildly laughed that woman then!
 'Glenvarloch wad ye dare to measure
 The holy life that God hath gi'en,
 Against a heap of golden treasure?

'Ye spurned my prayer—for we were poor—
 But know, proud man, that God hath power
 To smite the King on Scotland's throne,
 The chieftain in his fortress tower.
 Frown on, frown on! I fear ye not;
 We've done the last of chieftain's bidding;
 And cold he lies, for whose young sake
 I used to bear your wrathful chiding.

'Will gold bring back the cheerful voice
 That used to win my heart from sorrow?
 Will silver warm his frozen blood,
 Or make my hearth less lone to-morrow?
 Go back, and seek your mountain home,
 And when ye kiss ye're fair-hair'd daughter,
 Remember him who died to-night,
 Beneath the waves of Mona's water!'

THE PHRENOLOGIST.

AN EXTRACT FROM THE 'FREY CHRONICLES.'

On the second day of the first week in January, 1830, the lord and master of Occiput House was journeying, on foot, from Ariesport to his own mansion, late in the evening.

By what designation this mansion was known, before it was the property of Dr. Kopfstirn, I never heard—nor is it matter of much importance. After the mature deliberation befitting a subject of such magnitude, he re-christened it, with all due ceremony, *Occiput House*; by the which name it is now known. It is an ancient edifice, modernized. 'Turrets, angles, and trivial conceits are stuck upon and about the massy walls, wherein our warlike ancestors took delight. In the 'days of former years,' it was doubtless a castle; but, as some of the lights of the world insist that human nature has degenerated, even so hath it fared with Kopfstirn's Castle. Its present appearance is that of a partly Chinese, partly Gothic erection; which cannot fail to remind the contemplative traveller, that the baron's coronet has been judiciously replaced by the cap and bells, common to all ranks.

This tasteful and elegant building stands within fifty paces of the lofty and precipitous cliff, about a mile east of Ariesport, a watering-place of repute, on the Kentish coast. It frowns not in the native majesty of strength and power, but resembles, more than any thing under heaven, a starving wretch, meditating the fatal plunge from the aforesaid cliff.

The evening on which the Doctor is first introduced to the reader's notice, was precisely such a one as January often favors us with. The snow descended thick and fast; and the keen north-east wind howled drearily around. But being profoundly wrapped up in his own cogitations, and, what was more to the purpose, on such a night, a coat that bid defiance to the cold, he plodded on his way, heedless of the tempest.

He had traversed more than three parts of the distance which separates Ariesport from Occiput House, when he was startled from his reflective mood by a stifled groan. He stopped, drew in his breath, and assumed the attitude of one who listens; but nought, save the dismal sighing of the wind, was audible. So firmly, however, was he impressed with the idea that a fellow creature was near, and in distress, that, regardless of the inclement night, he remained stationary, and called aloud. The howling of the blast was the only answer. Smiling at what then seemed an illusion, he was moving rapidly from the spot, when a second and more distinct groan fell upon his ear. Although the night was one well calculated for the wanderings of a perturbed and miserable ghost, no such fancy dwelt on the worthy Doctor's mind; but deciding, that the sounds he had heard were purely terrestrial, he commenced an examination on both sides of the fences which separated the road from the contiguous fields.

His exertions were soon crowned with the success they deserved. He perceived an object on the ground, close to one of the fences: it was the body of a human being, whose garments were thickly besprinkled with snow, as if it had lain there some time.

The stranger was as motionless and insensible, as if the spirit which once animated him had parted from its temporary imprisonment with the last deep groan. And such was Dr. Kopfstirn's first impression; but having ascertained the heart's pulsation, and being a powerful man—possessed of the will as well as the means—he lifted him up, and conveyed him to his own house. The usual restoratives in such cases were applied, which, in a short time, rewarded his active benevolence with the desired conclusion. Slight convulsive motions about the eyelids and lips, proclaimed the return of suspended animation. Presently, a pair of black, but lustreless eyes stared vacantly around. In a few minutes they assumed something of intelligence. By slow degrees entire consciousness was restored; and the patient, looking steadily at Dr. Kopfstirn, inquired, in a low, feeble tone, where he was?

'The guest of Dr. Kopfstirn,' replied he to whom the question was addressed. 'But you must remain quiet for the present, and all will soon be well. I will leave you in excellent hands.' And, turning to his housekeeper, an ancient crone, of exaggerated features and forbidding aspect, desired her to watch by the bed-side of the stranger, and left the room.

'Th' owld man's gone clane daft,'—so she grumbled the moment his back was turned,—'to pick up a beggar, or, may be, a thief—the Lord presarve us!—out o' th' snow, as he says. How long I may keep my head on my owld shouthers, who may tell, if our house is to be turned into a lodging for every strolling pedlar, or worse, that happens to take the snow for his bed—an' he has one?'

Without being aware of the amiable feelings thus vented in indistinct mutterings, the stranger presently fell into a disturbed slumber. Fever was apprehended; and the event verified the prognostication.

During this interval, we shall have time for a word or two about the owner of Occiput House.

He was indebted, partly to the bounty of nature, and partly to a good appetite and excellent digestive organs, for an ample rotundity of figure; which, however, was no incumbrance to his activity. His extension of body, and length of sinewy arms, seemed as if originally intended for a man, at the very least, six feet high; and his legs, for one, of not more than half that height. His head was certainly between his shoulders; but how it was fixed there might puzzle a conjuror; for of neck he had none—that is, none visible. It was a round, snipe-like head, covered with long, straight, light-colored hair, surmounting an equally round, but good-humored face. Its expression was peculiar, being derived from two animated, sparkling, gray, wise-looking, little eyes; which had acquired an almost perpetually twink-

ling motion, especially when either angry, or descanting on a favorite topic.

His usual dress was a brown coat, abundantly capacious—it would have enveloped the persons of Daniel Lambert and an alderman joined together. His waistcoat evinced a propensity to dandyism. It was of black velvet, ornamented with gold embroidery. The rest of his habiliments were of leather, which had seen too many annual revolutions of the sun to have retained their original appearance. His shoes were full three inches wide at the toes, and fastened at the instep, with enormous silver buckles. Now imagine this figure, bearing on its head a clerical hat, a thick oaken cudgel in its hand, and perched on the back of a lazarus-like horse, seventeen hands high, and you have his complete picture as frequently seen riding down the principal street of Ariesport.

Humanity dwelt in the bosom of Dr. Kopfstirn, and he failed not to watch over the stranger, whose life he had saved, with the utmost assiduity. In a month, he was sufficiently recovered to leave his room, and four dreary weeks had they proved! The couch of sickness is ever sad, but when the sting is pointed by an affliction beyond the reach of art to alleviate—affliction of the mind—illness is exasperated into its sharpest poignancy. That his mind was not free from oppression, the gloom settled on his expansive brow too plainly indicated.

The stranger was a dark-haired, handsome-featured man; by his looks, something more than five-and-twenty; though recent fever, and a sadness that belongs not to the spring of life, might unite to make him appear older than he was. He had certainly the conversation and easy bearing, which may either be expected to accompany a greater age, or much familiar intercourse with the world. Though mild and affable, he was frequently abstracted, and a degree of contradiction and irresolution marked his conduct.

The first time he appeared out of his sleeping apartment was one day, a short time before dinner, and after the doctor had congratulated the patient on his recovery, he was anxious to try his attainments, and was leading him directly to his favorite subject, the only subject, in fact, worth discussing—phrenology.

Fortunately for the stranger, and perhaps equally, or more so, for the reader, dinner was at that moment announced; which abruptly cut short the learned Doctor's intended dissertation, and he led the way to the dining-room, exclaiming—

'There is no true happiness in this world!'—so said Quin, when he had procured some delicious fish, and the sauce was made with bad butter. 'Something or other,' added the dwarfish craniologist, 'is ever impertinently intervening to mar our happiest moments.'

The dinner was discussed after the fashion of most other dinners, save that the *os frontis* of an unhappy whiting served as the theme for a quarter of an hour's harangue, wherein it was clearly shown the fish was predestined to be caught and devoured.

Immediately after the repast, and with a little circumlocution, Kopfstirn, who was not to be put off, said—'You have not seen my sanctum yet, young gentleman: after our wine, I shall have much pleasure in showing you a few curiosities which I have had the happiness to collect.'

The stranger acquiesced, and almost immediately followed his impatient host through sundry dark and narrow passages, until they arrived at a massive oaken door, studded with immense nails. This door was secured by a couple of patent locks, of intricate machinery, to guard the treasures within. When opened, the visitor beheld a small triangular apartment, furnished with an octagon table, two arm-chairs, covered with dog-skin, and a number of shelves stuck against the bare walls. The back of each chair was ornamented with the representation of a skull, carved with much cunning. The arms of the same were similarly decorated. On the shelves were displayed a vast number of skulls, large and small, round and oval, some human, some animal, some under glass cases, some not so distinguished; it was indeed a Golgotha—a place of skulls! On the table were scattered a miscellaneous assemblage of books, pamphlets, and manuscripts, with materials for writing.

The stranger could not but admire the contrivance for holding ink—a china skull contained the immortalizing fluid. It had all the various organs distinctly marked, not according to either Spurzheim or Gall, but after a new system which boasted the Doctor as its inventor, and which he took infinite pains to reduce to the stranger's capacity; but like many others, he had the art of amplifying to such an extent, and involving illustration within illustration, that what might have been previously comprehensible was so effectually obscured by his method of explanation, that not a glimpse of meaning remained.

Having glanced at the characteristic appendages of the craniologist's triangular study, the countenance of the stranger suddenly assumed an extraordinary appearance of emotion. The Doctor became alarmed. The stranger endeavored to control it, but in vain. He sunk on a chair, and gave way to an uncontrollable burst of laughter. Two cats and a pug-dog were lying on the rug before the fire—with shaven crowns!

'Experiments for the advancement of science,' said the Doctor, as both cause and effect manifested themselves, 'are not legitimate subjects for laughter;' and he looked displeased. 'I have operated on these animals myself, to the temporary destruction of their crinose honors, for the sake of a more minute examination.'

'And I hope your discoveries have amply rewarded you for the trouble,' remarked his companion, composing his face to seriousness.

'Truly they have, beyond my most sanguine expectations. I have detected an organ in the feline species which hath escaped all previous studiers of craniology—I mean the organ of reflectiveness.'

He was about to take up one of the cats, for the purpose of point-

ing out this organ, when she unceremoniously launched forth a paw, and left deep marks of her indignation on the scientific man's cheek sinister.

'That is odd,' exclaimed he, with the utmost composure and most imperturbable gravity, '*very odd*. I do not recollect to have seen it, but it *must* be there.' And in defiance of the cat's evident reluctance, he took her up, seated himself in one of the arm chairs, confined his victim in a sort of wooden cage, so contrived as to leave only the head at liberty, and patiently began a scrutiny.

Long and carefully did Ernest Kopfstirn search. At last he triumphantly called out, 'Well, I may exclaim with the heathen of old, *Eureka!* I have found it!' Look here—observe this slight prominence. It is, though very faintly developed, a sufficient indication that this specimen hath a pugnacious propensity.'

'I was quite convinced of that before,' remarked the stranger.

'Thus ever judge the ignorant!' exclaimed Kopfstirn. '*I* know it hath, not because I see the effect, but because I see the cause.'

The cat now liberated, screaming with rage and pain, forthwith dashed through a pane of the study window, followed by the pug and the other cat, while the doctor, fully satisfied with his investigation, without taking further notice of the malcontents, said, as he took an almost shapeless mass from one of the shelves, 'This is the greatest rarity in my whole collection. It is invaluable. I purchased it from an indigent man, who dwells at Knaresborough, and who found it embedded in a calcareous substance. After having bestowed the proper consideration due to such an important subject, no doubt remains on my mind but it is the skull of some antediluvian animal, genus not known. It is therefore valuable on that account. But what is the most remarkable—you see this organ?—Well, Sir—this organ denotes, that the specimen belongs to *conscientious irrationality!* You may smile, Sir, but it is evidently a skull; evidently not human. It consequently follows, that it must have appertained to the *animal* creation; and the organ, I have pointed out, is indicative of *conscientiousness*—a contradiction not easily reconciled, I grant. I am, however, commencing a treatise on the subject, which must carry conviction to the mind of the most hardened sceptic.'

Reader! the treatise already extended to six hundred folio pages, closely written!

'My dear Sir,' said the stranger, who had been attentively examining the specimen of *conscientious irrationality*, 'this is no more a skull than a windmill!' and, before the horror-stricken phrenologist had time to exclaim against this heresy, he continued, 'this identical specimen was offered me last summer at Knaresborough as a specimen of the petrifying spring, and is nothing more than part of a duck's egg!' The indignation and secret dismay which the doctor felt at this blunt overthrow of his favorite theory he had great difficulty in restraining; but, assuming a smile anything but humorous, he said, with forced composure, 'Truly, my young friend, I admire your candor; but I pity your



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discrimination. The glories of science are not yet made manifest to you; but let us change the subject. I have an affair to discuss with you on which we shall better agree. It strikes me we are not such strangers as I at first supposed. During your illness I observed the traces of a wound in your head with which I ought to be familiar; and your features, though altered, I can surely recognize. If I do not deceive myself, you are the son of my friend and neighbor, Mr. Trevor.'

'You are right, Sir, said the stranger, who seemed agitated by a variety of emotions; 'I had no idea you would have recognized me. I intended, however, this very day, to have confided to you the reason of my present situation, and asking your assistance; but I fear the reports which have doubtless reached this place to my prejudice have already deprived me of your good opinion.'

'Why, I must be candid with you,' returned the doctor; 'reports are indeed to your prejudice; you are stated to be the seducer of the daughter of that poor old woman on the bench, Mary Aldridge, with many other irregularities which —'

'They are false, Sir!' said Mr. Trevor vehemently, 'as I hope for mercy.'—'I was quite assured of that,' said the phrenologist, in a very decided tone. 'I am ready to stake my reputation that the accusations against you are wholly disproved, on scientific principles.'

'My dear Sir,' said Mr. Trevor, warmly, 'to whom am I indebted for your good opinion? We have met but rarely, and long ago;—I thought I was almost unknown to you.'

The doctor, with much gravity, reached a large folio, and, turning a few leaves, said, 'You are indebted to one whom you must henceforward call friend.'—'I shall be indeed happy to acknowledge my gratitude—name my benefactor,' said Trevor. 'To Science—to whom you have hitherto been a stranger,' returned the doctor; 'listen.' He then read from the open page: 'Charles Trevor—moral and intellectual organs fully developed—benevolence and veneration very conspicuous—baser propensities inconsiderable, and under control—above conformation, denoting a worthy and estimable character.'—'There, my young friend,' continued the man of science, 'can anything be more conclusive of your innocence of these diabolical inventions?' and his little eyes twinkled with triumph. I am sorry to say the next in my register is just the reverse: it treats of your cousin, Frank Trevor—a bad fellow, decidedly;' and he kept muttering extracts from the folio.

'My dear Doctor,' interrupted Charles Trevor earnestly, 'you will indeed make me a convert, since Science has been my friend, when I could least have expected it. My cousin, Frank Trevor, is as you describe him. I have now good reason to know that he is the secret cause of my present distress—I know he was originally my rival for the hand of Lady Emily; but I little thought him capable of such base revenge. By some means he has succeeded in fixing the guilt of the seduction of Mary Aldridge's daughter on me, and the father of my

affianced wife, Lord Rickworth, has dismissed me his house with the most humiliating contempt. Maddened with grief and indignation, I mounted my horse, and fled I knew not whither. I had some vague idea of burying myself in solitude, but I knew not how I came in the situation in which you found me.

'Animal propensities largely developed—moral and intellectual, small,—destructiveness—yes, yes, it's all clear enough,' muttered the doctor at intervals, and recounting a catalogue of vices enough to have stocked a Pandemonium. '—He is a bad fellow, my dear young friend,' said he, addressing his companion. 'You need not trouble yourself further in this affair; you may consider your reputation already established; I hold proofs sufficient to clear you from these slanders in any court in Christendom.'

'Good heavens! is it possible?' exclaimed Trevor; 'am I so fortunate?—what are the proofs?—where are they?'

'Here they are—irrefragable,' said the doctor, gravely, pointing to the folio register.

The countenance of Trevor suddenly fell when he saw the nature of the doctor's *proofs*. The excitement of joy suddenly vanished; as he said, faintly, 'I very much fear—'

'Come, come,' interrupted the Doctor, 'you need not despond. Although, with the scientific, this folio would be conclusive,—for those who doubt such testimony I have other evidence.' He then drew from his pocket-book a letter. 'I told you,' he continued, 'that I utterly scouted the idea of your being the guilty person, knowing, as I did, that it was not possible,—that it was contrary to the laws of science. I have, therefore, anxiously sought for proofs to establish my opinion, which I have found. Thus, the pain you have suffered will be of signal benefit to mankind, by promoting the cause of science and truth. Read:—I have received it from the mother of this unhappy individual; I have attended her in illness, brought on by grief for her daughter's conduct.'

Trevor eagerly cast his eyes over the contents of the letter, and his countenance brightened at every line. It was indeed from the unfortunate daughter of Mary Aldridge to her poor stricken mother, imploring her forgiveness, and begging her to go to Lord Rickworth, and confess to him, that, by alternate lures and threats, she had been prevailed upon to denounce Mr. Charles Trevor as the author of her ruin and subsequent abandonment; that she had reaped no reward for such additional guilt, for that, after his object was accomplished, she had been again deserted by Mr. Frank Trevor, who had originally taken her from her home. Overwhelmed by remorse, and in utter destitution, she confessed her guilt, and implored forgiveness.

'My benefactor, my friend,' exclaimed Trevor in hurried accents, as he held in his hands this proof of his innocence, 'I must immediately haste to town. I cannot rest till I have proved to Lord Rickworth the fabrication, which has nearly been my ruin, and again claim my Emily,—now, indeed, my own.'

'Stay, young man,' said the Phrenologist, detaining him, for he was rising to depart; 'from the formation of your cranium, I should hardly have expected such impetuosity. I do not remember to have seen the organ of—'

'But, my dear Doctor, we lose time; every moment is an age till I can explain—'

'Be calm, my young friend,' interrupted the Doctor, 'you are nearer your explanation than you think, Lord Rickworth is now at his seat in our neighborhood. I must be candid with you; I have myself spoken with Lord Rickworth, who has himself seen this letter, and examined the mother of the unfortunate girl who has been the cause of so much calamity. Need I say, that, from this document, he is fully convinced of all the other falsehoods which have been so industriously circulated, and which may be traced to the same source. In fact, Lord Rickworth is now in my house, and longs to take you by the hand, and restore you at once to his confidence and esteem.'

The emotion of Trevor prevented him from giving utterance to his thanks. He could have fallen and embraced the old man's knees—he could have done more, he could have confessed himself a Phrenologist! But little time, however, was given him to compose himself, for the door of the study opened, and Lord Rickworth entered. That day was a day of explanation and reconciliation. The party was shortly increased by the arrival of the father of Charles Trevor, who had posted from town at the Doctor's summons. Lord Rickworth had removed to his seat near Ariesport from town, only two days previous, in consequence of the health of Lady Emily, which had suffered materially, from the shock she had received at the supposed unworthiness of her lover. It was reported that he had fled to France. So artfully had the machinations of Frank Trevor been carried on against his more successful rival for the hand of the daughter of Lord Rickworth, that they had escaped the suspicion of all parties but him who they had injured; and Charles's last interview with Lord Rickworth was too hasty and angry to admit of accusation or explanation. It was now rendered shorter and more satisfactory, by the confession of the unfortunate victim of Frank Trevor's depravity.

The rest is easily told. There was a certain ceremony performed shortly afterwards, at St. George's, Hanover-square; and a paragraph went the round of the newspapers, headed—'*Marriage in high life*,' &c. The bells at Ariesport rung merrily—that is, as merrily as their infirmities would permit them, on the arrival of Charles Trevor, Esq. and Lady Emily, at their mansion in the neighborhood, some little time subsequent to the event mentioned above; and, within an hour after, did Charles Trevor, waving all ceremony, find himself *vis à vis* the Phrenologist, in his triangular study, at Occiput House.

'Now, my dear Doctor,' said he earnestly, 'to you I am indebted for my life, and to your kind services I am indebted for its greatest blessing—my wife. Suffer me to ask you in what manner I can best show my gratitude to you.'

'My young friend,' said the Doctor, kindly, 'I shall tax you very hardly. Since your departure, I have been engaged in the commencement of a treatise, in which the circumstances of your own case are brought forward, to prove the advantages of science, over every other evidence, in the cause of truth. You must assist me in this; and further,' interrupting Trevor, who was about to speak, 'not a word about the duck's egg—you were wrong *there*, I assure you.'

THE PARSON AND PEDAGOGUE.

'Twas very dark, as it will be,
When neither moon nor star is seen;
So how could Smoke or Baker see,
Since they all night had drinking been.
To find their way home was their trouble,
E'en had they seen, it had been double.

'I'm sure this pathway must be wrong,
You told me that you knew the road;
I feel each step I go along,
As 'neath the harrow does the toad.
Oh Baker! Baker! thou wilt be
The death both of thyself and me!'

'Hic hæret aqua,' reverend sire,
'Upon my word I've lost the way,
Tho' we get deeper in the mire,
Yet nought the righteous should dismay,
Says Horace—*Purus sceleris*
Non eget Mauri jaculis.'

'I wish thy Latin stuff and thou
Were in the Styx, were I in bed;
But yonder look—beneath that bough
I'm sure I saw a light a-head,
Just down within this valley's lap;
It is a hut—we'll go and rap.'

'Cur non mi domine? I see
A little twinkling light, 'tis true;
It may a jack-o'-lantern be,
To give a dance to me and you;
But cito now I see it clear—
I wish I had a mug of beer!'

As soon as they the hut had neared,
The shutters suddenly were closed;
So that the candle disappeared,
And they were one and t'other posed
To know if they had better tap,
Before the people took a nap.

'They surely will not eat us,' said
The pedagogue; 'beside, if here

We are condemn'd to make a bed,
I think it will become our bier,
The rheumatism will kill me,
As I am sure the gout will thee.

They knocked; a little man in brown
Came to the door, and said his say;
Each nudged the other, each looked down,
But Baker pluck'd up courage, 'They,
Returning home had lost the road,
Were straitened for a night's abode.

The little man from top to toe
Surveyed the pair, as if to scan
If with security or no
He might admit them: 'Well, you can
Sleep on some straw, if that will do;
'Tis good enough, I think for you,

Or any other fool, who makes
A swill-tub of his belly; come,
Will you accept my offer? rakes
And drunkards ever thus are dumb
When they should speak; at other times
Their noise in every sentence chimes.

The parson on his belly looked,
As if therefrom he sought advice;
He for one night, at least, was booked,
'Twas useless to be over nice;
So Baker said 'Perfectum est,
Sub sole nil—we'll make our nest.'

A truss of straw was giv'n to each,
And down they lay them, side by side;
The parson knew well how to preach,
But ne'er to self the text applied.
Baker was snoring in a minute,
His stomach had so much drink in it.

The thin partition was of wood,
That shut the wanderers from their host,
So that you quite distinctly could
Have heard the whisp'rings of a ghost
From either room; the parson lay
Awake, and heard the husband say—

'Well, wife, I will to-morrow morn
Those black ones for our breakfast kill;
They will look well when cleanly shorn.
Beside, we then can eat our fill:
The one's as round as any ball—
Soon as you wake give me a call.'

The parson trembled in his shoes,
When he the murd'rous project heard,
And woke his friend to tell the news,
But then dared scarcely speak a word,
Lest any noise their morning's fate
Might only serve to antedate.

The Parson and Pedagogue.

'Why Baker, Baker! man of men,
How can you snore? how can you sleep?
When we are in a monster's den,
In human horrors supped so deep,
That in the morning he will kill
The pair of us, to eat his fill.'

'Proh dolor! why what do you say?
I slept as fast as any top;
Don't wake me up again, I pray,
Unless you chance to have a drop
Of beer or any other drink—
E'en then I'd rather sleep, I think.'

And so he proved, for in a trice
He snored as loudly as before;
The parson thought life was a price
Too high to give for one nap more;
So up he gently rose, and then
Thought how t' escape, the way and when!

This waken'd Baker, and when he,
The dangers that assail'd them knew,
Likewise arose, and strove to see,
Well as he in the dark could do,
If there could be no measures taken,
By which they still might save their bacon.

He rubb'd his eyes, and grop'd around,
There was a window, but 't was high;
He knew not what might be the ground,
Or very wet or very dry;
For neither might be just the thing,
According as he chanc'd to spring.

Yet he resolved to dare the deed,
And to his purpose sought to win
The parson over; who agreed
There might not be much danger in
A feather's fall: there was the rub,
He was just like a sugar tub!

But still the pedagogue resolv'd,
That he would rather risk his neck,
Than be by any chance involv'd
With one, whose gluttony might deck
The table with a slice of him,
Cut off from any favorite limb.

So, thro' the window, down he flew,
And fell upon a heap of dung;
The parson watch'd his fall, and knew
'T was safe, and so he downwards sprung;
Alighting very like a log,
Exactly on the pedagogue.

Poor Baker felt as if his breath,
From out his body had been pump'd;
The parson, too, was bruise'd to death:
In short, was so severely thump'd,
That he had rather on the stones
Have fallen, than on Baker's bones.

But they soon rose, and found that they
Had left the gridiron for the fire—
They could by no means get away :
They were wall'd in ; the wall was high'r
Then was the chamber whence they leapt,
And they in shelter might have slept.

The rain pour'd down in torrents, where
To 'scape its fury, neither knew ;
A shelter now was all their care :
For they with death familiar grew,
And only wish'd that they might spend,
Beneath a roof, life's latter end.

Experience teaches us that man,
If he will moderately hope,
Under all circumstances, can
With every difficulty cope.
Thus Baker and the parson, Smoke,
Became as wise as other folk.

Their wishes had become subdu'd,
The only thing they sought to find,
Was, in their miserable mood,
A shelter from the rain and wind ;
A hovel by those brutes enjoy'd,
The sons of Israel avoid.

They found one, and the long tailed swine
Rush'd by them when they oped the gate ;
There they in shelter did recline :
With faith and resignation wait
The dawn, when they were doom'd to be
Endow'd with immortality.

' Consider, Baker, what's the grave ?
A gate that leads us to our home ;
From which no dignity can save,
To which we're all compelled to come.
Where king and slave must both put down—
The one a wallet, one a crown.'

' Upon my Latin, parson Smoke,
I did not think that you would be
So very ready with a joke,
Thus in the midst of misery ;
But quietly I'd rather die,
Than be cut up to boil or fry.

' And yet I think, that, of the two,
The worst chance, certainly, is thine ;
They might make something out of you,
On me a dog could scarcely dine :
They economically mean,
With your spare fat, to lard my lean.'

Slow past the night, the morning broke,
Then on its hinges creaked a door ;
The thing was now beyond a joke,
The knife was sharp'ning more and more.
' Come out, ye black ones !' cried the man ;
Conceive Smoke's terrors, if you can.

Up in the farthest corner crept
The parson, trembling like a leaf;
Friend Baker too profoundly slept,
To feel his own or neighbor's grief,
But Smoke aroos'd him: in a pet,
He cried, "I am not ready yet."

The good man start'd back, and thought,
By means, or human or divine,
Another wonder had been wrought,
And Satan driven from the swine:
The parson, and the pedagogue,
Resign'd their terrors to a hog.

THE ADIEU.

If, Eliza, you have ever
Felt for me affection's thrill,
Fondly in your bosom ever
Cherish my remembrance still!

For I love you with a feeling
Warmly pure and fondly true;
Ever o'er my mind a stealing
Dreams of future bliss with you.

But, alas! imperious duty,
Calls me to a distant shore;
I must leave your worth—your beauty—
And perhaps we meet no more!

But or time or space can never
Chill the glow of virtuous love;
And believe me I shall ever,
Fondly love where'er I rove.

Then, dear girl, if you have ever,
Felt for me affection's thrill;
Though we part—perhaps for ever—
Cherish my remembrance still!

PETER SIMPLE.*

The ship remained in Gibraltar bay about three weeks, during which time we had re-fitted the rigging fore and aft, re-stowed and cleaned the hold, and painted outside. She never looked more beautiful than she did, when in obedience to our orders we made sail to join the admiral. We passed Europa Point with a fair wind, and at sunset we were sixty miles from the rock, yet it was distinctly to be seen, like a blue cloud, but the outline perfectly correct. I mention this, as perhaps my reader would not have believed that it was possible to see land at such a distance. We steered for Cape de Gatte, and the next day were close in shore. I was very much delighted with the Spanish coast, mountain upon mountain, bill upon hill, covered with vines nearly to their summits. We might have gone on shore at some places, for at that time we were friendly with the Spaniards, but the captain was in too great a hurry to join the admiral. We had very light winds, and a day or two afterwards we were off Valencia, nearly becalmed. I was on the gangway, looking through a telescope at the houses and gardens round the city, when Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, came up to me. 'Mr. Simple, oblige me with that glass a moment, I wish to see if a building still remains there, which I have some reason to remember.'

'What, were you ever on shore there?' said I.

'Yes I was, Mr. Simple, and nearly *stranded*, but I got off again without much damage.'

'How do you mean,—were you wrecked, then?'

'Not my ship, Mr. Simple, but my peace of mind was for some time; but it's many years ago, when I was first made boatswain of a corvette; (during this conversation he was looking through the telescope;) yes, there it is,' said he, 'I have it in the field. Look, Mr. Simple, do you see a small church, with a spire of glazed tiles, shining like a needle.'

'Yes, I do.'

'Well, then, just above it, a little to the right, there is a long white house, with four small windows—below the grove of orange trees.'

'I see it,' replied I; 'but what about that house, Mr. Chucks?'

'Why, thereby hangs a tale,' replied he, giving a sigh, which raised and then lowered the frill of his shirt at least six inches.

'Why, what is the mystery, Mr. Chucks?'

'I'll tell you, Mr. Simple. With one who lived in that house, I was for the first, and for the last time, in love.'

'Indeed! I should like very much to hear the story.'

'So you shall, Mr. Simple, but I must beg that you will not mention it, as young gentlemen are apt to quiz; and I think that being quizzed, hurts my authority with the men. It is now about sixteen years back, we were then on good terms with the Spaniards, as we are now. I was then little more than thirty years old, and had just received my warrant as boatswain. I was considered a well-looking young man at that time, although lately I have, to a certain degree, got the better of that.'

'Well, I consider you a remarkably good-looking man now, Mr. Chucks.'

'Thank you, Mr. Simple; but nothing improves by age that I know of except rum. I used to dress very smart, and "cut the boatswain"

when I was on shore; and perhaps I had not lost so much of the polish I had picked up in good society. One evening I was walking in the Plaza, when I saw a female a-head, who appeared to be the prettiest moulded little vessel that I ever cast my eyes on: I followed in her wake, and examined her; such a clean run I never beheld—so neat, too, in all her rigging—everything so nicely stowed under hatches. And then she sailed along in such a style, at one moment lifting so lightly, just like a frigate, with her topsails on the caps, that can't help going along. At another time, as she turned a corner, sharp up in the wind—wake as straight as an arrow—no leeway. I made all sail to sheer along side of her, and when under her quarter, examined her close. Never saw such a fine swell in the counter, and all so trim—no ropes towing overboard. Well, Mr. Simple, I said to myself, “D—n it, if her figure-head and bows be finished off by the same builder, she’s perfect.” So I shot a-head, and yawed a little—caught a peep at her through her veil, and saw two black eyes—as bright as beads, and as large as damsons. I saw quite enough, and not wishing to frighten her, I dropped astern. Shortly afterwards she altered her course, steering for that white house. Just as she was abreast of it, and I playing about her weather quarter, the priests came by in procession, taking the host to somebody who was dying. My little frigate lowered her top-gallant sails out of respect, as other nations used to do, and ought now, and he d—d to them, whenever they pass the flag of old England—

‘How do you mean?’ inquired I.

‘I mean that she spread her white handkerchief, which fluttered in her hand as she went along, and knelt down upon it on one knee. I did the same, because I was obliged to heave to, to keep my station, and I thought that if she saw me, it would please her. When she got up, I was on my legs also; but in my hurry, I had not chosen a very clean place, and I found out, when I got up again, that my white jean trowsers were in a shocking mess. The young lady turned round, and seeing my misfortune, laughed, and then went into the white house, while I stood there like a fool, first looking at the door of the house, and then at my trowsers. However, I thought that I might make it the means of being acquainted with her, so I went to the door and knocked. An old gentleman in a large cloak, who was her father, came out; I pointed to my trowsers, and requested him in Spanish to allow me a little water to clean them. The daughter then came from within, and told her father how the accident had happened. The old gentleman was surprised that an English officer was so good a Christian, and appeared to be pleased. He asked me very politely to come in, and sent an old woman for some water. I observed that he was smoking a bit of paper, and having very fortunately about a couple of dozen of real Havannas in my pocket, (for I never smoke anything else, Mr. Simple, it being my opinion that no gentleman can,) I took them out, and begged his acceptance of them. His eyes glistened at the sight of them, but he refused to take more than one; however, I insisted upon his taking the whole bundle, telling him that I had plenty more on board, reserving one for myself, that I might smoke it with him. He then requested me to sit down, and the old woman brought some sour wine, which I declared was very good, although it made me quite ill afterwards. He inquired of me whether I was a good Christian. I replied that I was. I knew that he meant a Catholic, for they call us heretics, Mr. Simple. The daughter then came in without her veil, and she was perfection; but I did not look at her, or pay

her any attention after the first salutation, I was so afraid of making the old gentleman suspicious. He then asked what I was—what sort of officer—was I captain. I replied that I was not. Was I 'tenente, which means lieutenant; I answered that I was not, again, but with an air of contempt, as if I was something better. What was I then. I did not know the Spanish for boatswain, and, to tell the truth, I was ashamed of my condition. I knew that there was an officer in Spain called *corregidor*, which means a corrector in English, or one who punishes. Now I thought that quite near enough for my purpose, and I replied that I was the *corregidor*. Now, Mr. Simple, a *corregidor* in Spain is a person of rank and consequence, so they imagined that I must be the same, and they appeared to be pleased. The young lady then inquired if I was of good family, whether I was a gentleman or not. I replied that I hoped so. I remained with them for half an hour more, when my cigar was finished; I then rose, and thanking the old gentleman for his civility, begged that I might be allowed to bring him a few more cigars, and took my leave. The daughter opened the street door, and I could not refrain from taking her hand, and kissing it ———.

'Where's Mr. Chucks? call the boatswain there forward,' hollaed out the first lieutenant.

'Here I am, sir,' replied Mr. Chucks, hastening aft, and leaving me and his story.

'The captain of the maintop reports the breast backstay much chafed in the serving. Go up and examine it,' said the first lieutenant.

'Yes, sir,' replied the boatswain, who immediately went up the rigging.

'And, Mr. Simple, attend to the men scraping the spots off the quarter-deck.'

'Yes, sir,' replied I; and thus our conversation was broken up.

The weather changed that night, and we had a succession of rain and baffling winds for six or seven days, during which I had no opportunity of hearing the remainder of the boatswain's history. We joined the fleet of Toulon, closed the admiral's ship, and the captain went on board to pay his respects. When he returned, we found out through the first lieutenant, that we were to remain with the fleet until the arrival of another frigate, expected in about a fortnight, and then the admiral had promised that we should have a cruise. The second day after we had joined, we were ordered to form part of the in-shore squadron, consisting of two line-of-battle ships, and four frigates. The French fleet used to come out and manœuvre within range of their batteries, or if they proceeded further from the shore, they took good care that they had a leading wind to return again into port. We had been in shore about a week, every day running close in, and counting the French fleet in the harbor, to see that they were all safe, and reporting it to the admiral by signal, when one fine morning, the whole of the French vessels were perceived to hoist their topsails, and in less than an hour they were under weigh, and came out of the harbor. We were always prepared for action, night and day, and indeed often exchanged a shot or two with the batteries when we reconnoitered; the in-shore squadron could not of course cope with the whole French fleet, and our own was about twelve miles in the offing, but the captain of the line-of-battle ship who commanded us, hove too, as if in defiance, hoping to entice them further out. This was not very easy to do, as the French knew that a shift of wind might put it out of their power to refuse an action, which was what they would

avoid, and what we were so anxious to bring about. I say we, speaking of the English, not of myself, for to tell the truth, I was not so very anxious. I was not exactly afraid, but I had an unpleasant sensation at the noise of a cannon ball, which I had not as yet got over. However, four of the French frigates made sail towards us, and hove to, when within four miles, three or four line-of-battle ships following them, as if to support them. Our captain made signal for permission to close the enemy, which was granted, with our pennants, and those of another frigate. We immediately made all sail, beat to quarters, put out the fires, and opened the magazines. The French line-of-battle ships perceiving that only two of our frigates were sent against their four, hove to at about the same distance from their frigates, as our line-of-battle ships and other frigates were from us. In the meantime, our main fleet continued to work in shore under a press of sail, and the French main fleet also gradually approached the detached ships. The whole scene reminded me of the tournaments I had read of; it was a challenge in the lists, only that the enemy were two to one; a fair acknowledgement on their part, of our superiority. In about an hour we closed so near, that the French frigates made sail and commenced firing. We reserved our fire until within a quarter of a mile, when we poured our broadside into the headmost frigate, exchanging with her on opposite tacks. The Sea-horse, who followed us, also gave her a broadside. In this way we exchanged broadsides with the whole four, and we had the best of it, for they could not load so fast as we could. We were both ready again for the frigates as they passed us, but they were not ready with their broadside for the Sea-horse, who followed us very closely, so that they had two broadsides each, and we had only four in the Diomedé, the Sea-horse not having one. Our rigging was cut up a great deal, and we had six or seven men wounded, but none killed. The French frigates suffered more, and their admiral perceiving that they were cut up a good deal, made the signal of recall. In the meantime we had both tacked, and were ranging up on the weather quarter of the sternmost frigate; the line-of-battle ships perceiving this, ran down with the wind, two points true, to support their frigates, and our in-shore squadron made all sail to support us, nearly laying up for where we were. But the wind was what is called at sea, a soldier's wind, that is, blowing so that the ships could lie either way, so as to run out or into the harbor, and the French frigates, in obedience to their orders, made sail for their fleet in shore, the line-of-battle ships coming out to support them. But our captain would not give it up, although we all continued to near the French line-of-battle ships every minute—we ran in with the frigates, exchanging broadsides with them as fast as we could. One of them lost her fore topmast, and dropped astern, and we hoped to cut her off, but the others shortened sail to support her. This continued for about twenty minutes, when the French line-of-battle ships were not more than a mile from us, and our own commodore had made the signal of our recall, for he thought that we should be overpowered and taken. But the Sea-horse, who saw the recall up, did not repeat it, and our captain was determined not to see it, and ordered the signal man not to look that way. The action continued, two of the French frigates were cut to pieces, and complete wrecks, when the French line-of-battle ships commenced firing. It was then high time to be off. We each of us poured in another broadside, and then wore round for our own squadron, which were about four miles off, and rather to leeward, standing in to our assistance. As we wore

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round, our main topmast, which had been badly wounded, fell over the side, and the French perceiving this, made all sail, with the hope of capturing us; but the Sea-horse remained with us, and we threw up in the wind, and raked them until they were within two cables' lengths of us. Then we stood on for our own ships; at last one of the line-of-battle ships, who sailed as well as the frigates, came abreast of us, and poured in a broadside, which brought everything about our ears, and I thought we must be taken; but on the contrary, although we lost several men, the captain said to the first lieutenant, "Now, if they only wait a little longer, they are nabbed, as sure as fate." Just at this moment, our own line-of-battle ships opened their fire, and then the tables were turned. The French tacked, and stood in as fast as they could, followed by the in-shore squadron, with the exception of our ship, which was too much crippled to chase them. One of their frigates had taken in tow the other, who had lost her topmast, and our squadron came up with her very fast. The English fleet were also within three miles, standing in, and the French fleet standing out, to the assistance of the other ships which had been engaged. I thought, and so did every body, that there would be a general action, but we were disappointed; the frigate which towed the other, finding that she could not escape, cast her off, and left her to her fate, which was to haul down her colors to the commodore of the in-shore squadron. The chase was continued until the whole of the French vessels were close under their batteries, and then our fleet returned to its station with the prize, which proved to be the *Narcisse*, of thirty-six guns, Captain Le Pelleteon. Our captain obtained a great deal of credit for his gallant behavior. We had three men killed, and Robinson, the midshipman, and ten men wounded, some of them severely. I think this action cured me of my fear of a cannon ball, for during the few days we remained with the fleet, we often were fired at when we reconnoitered, but I did not care anything for them. About the time she was expected, the frigate joined, and we had permission to part company. But before I proceed with the history of our cruise, I shall mention the circumstances attending a court martial, which took place during the time that we were with the fleet, our captain having been recalled from the in-shore squadron to sit as one of the members. I was the midshipman appointed to the captain's gig, and remained on board of the admiral's ship during the whole of the time that the court was sitting. Two seamen, one an Englishman, and the other a Frenchman, were tried for desertion from one of our frigates. They had left their ship about three months, when the frigate captured a French privateer, and found them on board as part of her crew. For the Englishman, of course, there was no defence; he merited the punishment of death, to which he was immediately sentenced. There may be some excuse for desertion, when we consider that the seamen are taken into the service by force, but there could be none for fighting against his country. But the case of the Frenchman was different. He was born and bred in France, had been one of the crew of the French gun-boats at Cadiz, where he had been made a prisoner by the Spaniards, and expecting his throat to be cut every day, had contrived to escape on board of the frigate lying in the harbor, and entered into our service, I really believe to save his life. He was nearly two years in the frigate before he could find an opportunity of deserting from her, and returning to France, when he joined the French privateer. During the time that he was in the frigate, he bore an excellent character. The greatest point against

him was, that on his arrival at Gibraltar he had been offered, and had received the bounty. When the Englishman was asked what he had to say in his defence, he replied, that he had been pressed out of an American ship, that he was an American born, and that he had never taken the bounty. But this was not true. The defence of the Frenchman was considered so very good for a person in his station in life, that I obtained a copy of it, which ran as follows:—

‘Mr President, and Officers of the Honorable Court;—It is with the greatest humility that I venture to address you. I shall be very brief, nor shall I attempt to disprove the charges which have been made against me, but confine myself to a few facts, the consideration of which will, I trust, operate upon your feelings in mitigation of the punishment to which I may be sentenced for my fault—a fault which proceeded, not from any evil motive, but from an ardent love for my country. I am by birth a Frenchman; my life has been spent in the service of France until a few months after the revolution in Spain, when I, together with those who composed the French squadron at Cadiz, was made a prisoner. The hardships and cruel usage which I endured became insupportable. I effected my escape, and after wandering about the town for two or three days, in hourly expectation of being assassinated, the fate of too many of my unfortunate countrymen; desperate from famine, and perceiving no other chance of escaping from the town, I was reduced to the necessity of offering myself as a volunteer on board of an English frigate. I dared not, as I ought to have done, acknowledge myself to have been a prisoner, from a dread of being delivered up to the Spaniards. During the period that I served on board of your frigate, I confidently rely upon the captain and the officers for my character.

‘The love of our country, although dormant for a time, will ultimately be roused, and peculiar circumstances occurred which rendered the feeling irresistible. I returned to my duty, and for having so done, am I to be debarred from again returning to that country so dear to me—from again beholding my aged parents, who bless me in my absence—from again embracing my brothers and sisters—to end my days upon a scaffold; not for the crime which I did commit in entering into your service, but for an act of duty and repentance—that of returning to my own. Allow me to observe, that the charge against me is not for entering your service, but for having deserted from it. For the former, not even my misery can be brought forward but in extenuation; for the latter, I have a proud consciousness, which will, I trust, be my support in my extremity.

‘Gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you to consider my situation, and I am sure that your generous hearts will pity me. Let that love of your country, which now animates your breasts, and induces you to risk your lives and your all, now plead for me. Already has British humanity saved thousands of my countrymen from the rage of the Spaniards; let that same humanity be extended now, and induce my judges to add one more to the list of those who, although our nations are at war, if they are endowed with feeling, can have but one sentiment towards their generous enemy—a sentiment overpowering all other, that of a deep-felt gratitude.*

Whatever may have been the effect of the address upon the court individually, it appeared at the time to have none upon them as a body.

* This is a fact.—EDITOR.

Both the men were condemned to death, and the day after the morrow was fixed for their execution. I watched the two prisoners as they went down the side, to be conducted on board of their own ship. The Englishman threw himself down in the stern sheets of the boat, every minor consideration apparently swallowed up in the thought of his approaching end; but the Frenchman, before he sat down, observing that the seat was a little dirty, took out his silk handkerchief, and spread it on the seat, that he might not soil his nankeen trowsers.

I was ordered to attend the punishment on the day appointed. The sun shone so brightly and the sky was so clear, the wind so gentle and mild, that it appeared hardly possible that it was to be a day of such awe and misery to the two poor men, or of such melancholy to the fleet in general. I pulled up my boat with the others belonging to the ships of the fleet, in obedience to the orders of the officer superintending, close to the fore-chains of the ship. In about half an hour afterwards, the prisoners made their appearance on the scaffold, the caps were pulled over their eyes, and the gun fired underneath them. When the smoke rolled away, the Englishman was swinging at the yard-arm, but the Frenchman was not; he had made a spring when the gun fired, hoping to break his neck at once, and put an end to his misery; but he fell on the edge of the scaffold, where he lay. We thought that his rope had given way, and it appeared that he did the same, for he made an inquiry, but they returned him no answer. He was kept on the scaffold during the whole hour that the Englishman remained suspended; his cap had been removed, and he looked occasionally at his fellow-sufferer. When the body was lowered down, he considered that his time was come, and attempted to leap overboard. He was restrained and led aft, where his reprieve was read to him, and his arms were unbound. But the effect of the shock was too much for his mind; he fell down in a swoon, and when he recovered his senses had left him, and I heard that he never recovered them, but was sent home to be confined as a maniac. I thought, and the result proved, that it was carried too far. It is not the custom, when a man is reprieved, to tell him so until after he is on the scaffold, with the intention that his awful situation at the time may make a lasting impression upon him during the remainder of his life; but, as a foreigner, he was not aware of our customs, and the hour of intense feeling which he underwent was too much for his reason. I must say that this circumstance was always a source of deep regret in the whole fleet, and that his being a Frenchman, instead of an Englishman, increased the feeling of commiseration.

A LOVER'S TRIALS.

I am the most unfortunate of mankind. These degenerate days are ill adapted for the display of those tremendous feelings with which my prodigious soul is inspired. Had I lived in the times of chivalry, when, with my lance in rest, I could have sat like a tower of pride upon my war-horse, hurling defiance against all mankind, and cherishing one only love in my heart of hearts, then, indeed, my life would have

been something worth having—then I might have given way to all my fancies, and sent those knights, whom my valor had vanquished, to plead my cause with the princess to whom my vows were plighted—*then* a single thrust of my spear or wave of my battle-axe would have sufficed to settle all the scruples of fathers and guardians: but now, by some strange oversight of our legislators, it is actually considered illegal to exterminate impertinent old men who talk to you about settlements and jointures; and even finishing a lawyer might subject you to a disagreeable acquaintance with the finisher of the law. Had my lot been cast in more modern times, in the glorious days of the Turpins and Duvals, I might have enjoyed myself after my peculiar fancy, —trotting gallantly up to a splendid carriage crossing the heath at midnight, when only the moon shed a dubious light upon the scene, and, with all the politeness of a gentleman, putting a pistol to the head of the ancient nobleman in the corner, stilling the fears of his two angelic daughters with some elegant compliments to their beauty, and then, clapping spurs to my nag, and riding off with the nobleman's purse in my pocket and the ladies' necklaces and bracelets in my bosom. Ah! *that* were indeed an adventure worthy of an aspiring mind; but now, even stopping an old farmer on his way home from market, might render you liable to transportation or the treadmill. Shameful degeneracy—barbarous age! Our manners are like the close-shaved hedges of the garden of Louis the Fourteenth—one dull, dead level, extending from one end to the other; and if one sprig more aspiring than the rest soars out of the contemptible and tasteless uniformity, the hard-hearted gardener seizes it in its palmy prime, and remorselessly clips it off. But what is to become of those whose hearts, like that of Coriolanus, are 'too big for what contains them'—of those who, 'cheated by Nature of their fair proportions,' are perhaps not more than five feet high, and yet have souls large enough for a captain of grenadiers? What is to become of them in these piping times of peace, when there is no way left to them to show the magnanimity of their spirits, unless by endangering their necks? Murder, I have said, is dangerous; robbery not genteel. What resource, then, is left for our bold youth to attract observation, and open a safety valve for the fierceness of their temperament? Love. Yes, beautiful reader, whom in fancy's eye I now see weeping over my intolerable woes, love is the only method I can discover of rendering myself illustrious; and, by the soul of Hero and Leander, Petrarch and Laura, Werter and Charlotte, I swear I will render myself an illustrious lover. I will love with all my might. But, alas! even over this ennobling passion the dullness of our modern times has cast its degrading influence. Who has the courage to love now as they used to do in the golden days of that divinity, when years of tears and groans had to be passed, battles fought, castles scaled, and cataracts descended, before a single smile could be obtained; when fiery dragons had to be overcome, enchantments broken, and kings taken captive, before the lover could expect the maiden's hand? This is the manner in which love ought to be cultivated. But

is it so? No. Everything is settled now as a mere matter of business. A few meetings at evening parties, a few morning calls, a few quiet dinners with the family, a few tunes on the harp, a consultation between the respective solicitors, bridecake, white dresses, travelling carriage, and next morning appears the announcement, 'Married at St. George's, Hanover-square,' &c. &c.

But is it impossible to break through this formal manner of conducting the most interesting, which ought also to be the most romantic, incident of a man's life? I have tried; but hitherto with no particular success. One evening, in July last, I was quietly pursuing my way along Threadneedle-street, having filled my pockets with the incomparable biscuits of Le Mann, when luckily, at the corner of Bishopsgate-street, I saw a hackney coach filled with ladies. The driver had left his horses, or fallen off the box, and the spirited animals were swinging along at a trot of four or five miles an hour. The situation of the ladies was one of imminent danger. In a moment I resolved upon my course of action. I painted to myself the dreadful fate of those interesting females, if their vehicle came in contact with a prodigious van—if their fair limbs were mangled by a brewer's dray, or their beautiful faces disfigured by the wheel of an omnibus passing over their delicate features. Anxious to shield them from such an appalling fate, I rushed towards the carriage, in the heedlessness of my anxiety forgetting to seize the horses. I opened the door: 'For heaven's sake, ladies,' I exclaimed, 'trust yourselves to me!' They looked astonished at my appearance and language, especially as I had to run at the side of the vehicle while I addressed them. They made no answer, and I perceived they were quite unaware of their peril. 'Hesitate not a moment!' I said; 'throw yourselves into my arms. The jaws of destruction are open to receive you.' 'Jaws! jaws!' exclaimed the matron of the party, a lady of considerable age and a remarkable stoutness of configuration; 'Whose jaws are open, young man?' 'Destruction's, madam,' I continued, now getting a little out of breath with my exertions in keeping up with the coach: 'the horses are running away—an omnibus I see is approaching—fly into my arms!' At this instant I was felled to the earth in an agony of pain. The wheel had gone over my foot and squeezed some extremely sensitive corns, and the fat lady, giving a loud scream on discovering her danger, flung her gigantic weight upon my bosom, expelling every breath from my body with the impetus of a battering ram, and as I imagined at the time, dislocating my neck. When I recovered my senses, the stout lady was busily applying her handkerchief to free her gown from the stains it had contracted by immersion in the mud. She looked at me with an expression of anger, for which I found it difficult to account. Writhing with pain, and still reclining in the gutter, I opened my eyes but for an instant, and closed them again, murmuring, 'I have saved the young and beautiful from a terrific death, and I die contented.' A crowd had now collected round us, and I was speedily raised from the ground by a gentleman of the most

fascinating appearance I had ever seen. Deep dark eyes gave an expression of daring courage to his face, which was farther heightened by the umbrageous moustaches which enveloped his mouth. He supported me in his arms, and truly I needed all the support he could afford me when the stout lady commenced her address. 'Let the good-for-nothing little wagabond souse into the mud,' she began; 'hoaxing decent folks about horses running off, and spoiling my new gown of best gros-de-Naples.' And then she renewed her labors, endeavoring to cleanse it from its sable stains. 'But may be,' she continued, 'he is a thief, and took this way of picking my pocket; and really and truly I declare my ridicule is disappeared.' She now waxed very loud in her complaints, and was approaching, as I imagined, to lay violent hands upon me, when the gentleman, who still allowed me to lean upon him, whispered in my ear, 'I say, have you really nibbled the bag? You and I will go snacks; but bolt is the word in the meantime.' I did not exactly comprehend his meaning; but guessed that he inquired whether or not the lady's accusation was well founded. I answered him indignantly, 'Bag! I take the lady's bag? No; my sole effort was to save the lovely ladies from an overhanging fate.' 'We had better disperse,' resumed my kind supporter, 'or there may be a hanging fate left for ourselves. Will you share the booty?' 'I have no booty to share; my foot is prodigiously sore, and I think the fat old lady has broken every bone in my skin.' 'Sarved you right you spooney,' replied my friend, giving me a strong push from him, which sent me with immense force against the unfortunate lady, and squeezed her bonnet into the most frightful shape. 'I thought you was one of us; but I suppose it's Bill Filcher as has taken the old lady's ridicule.' In a moment he had disappeared, and my senses nearly left me. I have a very confused recollection of the conclusion of the adventure. I remember something about a pump, and being held forcibly under it till my clothes were saturated with water, then of being kicked and thumped for a considerable period, till at last I was rescued by a body of police, and carried home and carefully put to bed. I forgot to mention that Le Mann's biscuits, my handkerchief, and my purse, containing three and sixpence, besides one of the tails of my coat, were irrecoverably lost. My handsome friend with the moustaches probably appropriated those articles to himself as a slight reward for his interference in my behalf.

This was an overwhelming disappointment. I had raised a splendid superstructure of romance from the incident I have related. I had painted the beautiful eyes of the young creatures I had heroically saved, beaming upon me with gratitude; I had pictured to myself the bewitching modesty with which I would turn away from their protestations of obligation; but it shows what a dull prosaic age we live in, that an adventure of this kind, instead of terminating in love and marriage, led only to bumps and bruises—to being ducked on suspicion of picking other people's pockets, and to giving thieves a favorable opportunity of picking one's own. Yet perseverance is certain to be rewarded

with success. Though foiled in one attempt at commencing a 'passion' in a manner somewhat out of the common way, I was by no means discouraged. I have tried it again and again. Having seen a beautiful face at the drawing-room window of a house in Islington, I walked regularly before it for several weeks. At last, as I could imagine no other method of obtaining an interview with the object of my admiration, I resolved to work upon her compassion. Ladies I exclaimed, and especially young ones, are easily susceptible of pity—and pity, the poet tells us, is a step to love. If I could only get wounded in her defence—if I could get run through the body in saving her from the sword of an assassin—if I could get tossed twenty feet into the air in saving her from the horns of a bull—then, as she watched my gradual recovery, and my restoration to my former health and strength, compassion would easily pave the way for a deeper and warmer feeling. But there are no assassins, and very few bulls, at Islington. I resolved, however, to make an attempt to get myself under her care. Surely, I said, if I am dashed off a fiery charger at her very door, it will be impossible for her to refuse me admittance. Stunned—senseless—pale—I shall be a wonderfully interesting object; and once admitted to the same house, everything else will follow as a matter of course. I went and hired a horse: as I approached the mansion where lived 'the lady of my love,' I tugged at the rein, and inserted the spur, and plied the whip—in vain. The insensible animal would not get out of a slow trot on any account. If I ceased the most active exertions, the animal's pace degenerated into a walk. But fired with the ingenious plan I had discovered, I labored with the most astonishing perseverance, and for a few yards I thought, at one time, I had inveigled it into a canter. At last I reached the door. No effort would induce the courser to kick; and looking round to be assured that nobody observed me, I let myself slip quietly off, in hopes of reaching the ground unhurt.

Alas! I scarcely reached the ground at all. I had neglected to free one of my feet from the stirrup, and though one leg touched the stones, the other was suspended high in air. The horse continued its usual pace, and I was forced to hop as fast as I could in order to keep up with it. I saw house after house disappearing in this rapid progress, and I would have given anything I possessed to have stopt. Holding with one hand by the mane, and with the other endeavoring to ease my foot from the stirrup leather, my position was far from agreeable. I cried 'woe, woe,' as loud as I was able—I clutched at the rein, but unfortunately missed it. At length, worn out with my exertion, and despairing of ever coming to a stand, I gave up all efforts to support myself by the mane, and threw myself back in sheer despair. By some means or other, just at this moment my foot got disentangled, and as I lay in a vast quantity of mud which the scavengers had gathered into one heap, I saw the insensible brute, the cause of all these misfortunes, jogging quietly on up the Great North Road as if nothing had happened. Some boys, who saw my disaster, overtook and stopped

him. I got up and remounted as well as I was able, amidst tumultuous cries of 'twig the tailor.' 'This here is the wonderful Moshy Ducrow.' The crowd increased as I proceeded, and I found it more than ever impossible to urge my steed into a pace that would have freed me from their persecutions. On passing the door which I had expected to see opened to receive me in the character of an interesting invalid, I had the satisfaction to see the same beautiful face which had haunted my dreams for so long a time, apparently in an agony of laughter at my ridiculous situation. My cavalcade escorted me in grand procession to the stable at which I had hired my Bucephalus, and my progress was like a triumph in the saturnalia. 'This here is the vunderful Ducrow as falls off his 'oss at a valk,' was the unanimous cry. I slunk home as quietly as I could, covered about a foot thick with gray mud. I was half afraid the emissaries of M'Adam would indict me for absconding with a large portion of the road. But what are these little misfortunes when the undaunted spirit rises above them—when hope, from every new fall, receives, like the giant Antæus, only a new stock of courage to proceed. Impossible, thought I to myself, that fortune should always delight in persecuting the aspiring. Surely there are many ladies, with souls above the miserable prejudices of the world, who would prefer an adorer, recommended to their notice by his own ingenuity in making their acquaintance, to a common-place lover, recommended to them by their sires.

I vowed, in the enthusiasm of the moment, never to fall in love with any lady with whose name I was acquainted, or to whom I had been introduced. And yet it was impossible to exist without falling in love with some one or other. A heart without love, I cried, is a year without a spring—a garden without a flower; and I addressed myself with all possible diligence to discover some young lady with whom to fall in love. I watched all day, at the crossings of the streets, to be ready to save some unprotected damsel from the dangerous velocity of the cabs. On one occasion a lady was stepping across the Strand, while a coach was bearing down upon her with the rapidity of a thunderbolt: I darted like a sunbeam, to apprise her of her danger, but miscalculated my impetus, and, instead of propelling her gently out of the sphere of peril, I pushed her with such amazing impetuosity that she could not resist the impulse till she had broken about a dozen panes in the opposite shop. I was making many apologies, and preparing precipitately to retire, when the tradesman and all his clerks rushed upon me with the utmost fury, accused me of maliciously knocking an old woman through their window, and concluded by handing me over to the new police. The indignation of the spectators was excited to the highest pitch, and it was only by the greatest exertions of the civil force that they were prevented from sacrificing me on the spot. At last I came to the resolution to allow women to be run over as often as they pleased. However, I soon discovered a really fine opportunity of falling in love. I had occasion to go to York. I went inside the mail. Sitting opposite me, in the full flush of beauty, was a young lady of extremely in-

teresting appearance. She did not appear to be more than eighteen years of age. What! is it possible, I thought, that fortune favors me at last? Has her malice against me ceased, and does she reward me with the company of this charming stranger for all the miseries with which she has hitherto afflicted me? My companion seemed sad. I love sad people: they are generally sentimental. I waited till we had left the city far behind us, and we were rolling along the smooth frosty road, before I entered into conversation. At last I exclaimed—'How beautiful, oh maiden, are the tints of autumn, with its seared leaves lying like withered garlands on the dead body of the year!' The lady looked at me with an expression of surprise, and only bowed in answer to my remark—'There is something,' I continued, 'that has a pleasing yet melancholy tendency to rivet youthful hearts in the chains of an undying affection in the month of December. Don't you think so?'—The young lady bowed again, and looked out of the window.—'Madam,' I exclaimed, 'I love that pensive melancholy which pervades your countenance, beautifying every feature, as softening moonlight pours a sombre loveliness o'er the enchanting landscape. Permit me to ask, are you sad?' My companion said a few words which I did not understand.—'Ah,' I replied, 'I see—you are quoting some foreign sentiment—tearful enough, I dare say, from the tone in which you speak; but unluckily I understand no language but my own. Yet, why, oh! loveliest of your sex make such a declaration in your presence, when my heart tells me that I understand in a moment the language of those eyes? Yes, trust to me at once. I have long been anxious to discover an object worthy of my devotion; and here, without the dull forms of courtship, let me make you an offer of my heart and hand. You are silent. Bless thee, oh! best and loveliest,' I continued: 'I take sweet silence for consent; and Gretna Green shall render us the happiest lovers that ever hallowed earth by the glory of their perfect felicity since the good old times of Adam and Eve.' In this way, enraptured with my good fortune, I continued, and poured forth a history of my thoughts and feelings for many years. My companion was still silent, or at times replied to me in the same language as before. Day flew rapidly away, evening began to deepen into night, and I was the happiest of mankind. As darkness fell upon the scene, I saw that sleep weighed upon the eyelids of the beauteous stranger, and, overcome with my own good fortune, I also surrendered myself to the poppied god. When I awoke, I heard a movement in the corner where she sat; I leant across, though it was now perfectly dark, and whispered, 'Dearest, I was dreaming of the happiness of our future days. I love you with a tenderer love than ever; and, oh! if ever pity moved thy gentle heart, tell me that my love is not unreturned, but that thou lovest me again.' 'Take the hand o' thee off my showther,' shouted a rough voice, jerking my hand almost through the roof of the coach: 'the young French 'ooman as got out at the last stage, tauld the landlady, who understands her lingo, as there were a crazy ugly little puppy in the mail, an' I suppose you be he. Go to sleep, you miserable little curmudgeon, and doan't disturb my rest wi' thy

nonsense, or I'll fling thee out o' the window, I wool.' The brute who had thus usurped the place occupied by the adorable partner of the first part of my journey, was a huge north-country grazier, who had come inside while I was asleep. I am not yet deterred. I shall persevere; and some adventure may yet befall me in my pursuit, to recompense one so thoroughly devoted, for the painful trials of his willingly mysterious courtship.

INFELIX.

HELEN.

BY MRS. GEORGE CROOKSHANK.

'Yet, oh! 'twas like the agony
When soul and body part,
To break the last—fond—cherished link
That bound him to my heart.

MRS. CORNWALL BARON WILSON.

'Mamma, darling mamma—do not cast that reproachful, sorrowful look on your own Helen. Henry Dillon is not the first, and methinks will not be the last, who finds that the lady of his love cannot nourish affection upon sighs and black looks.'

Thus spoke the beautiful Helen Montague, as she shook off the black curls from a face the Trojan beauty herself might have wished her own, and rising, she threw her arms around her mother. Neither could repress the starting tear; and the lovely girl in a moment darted from the room, singing, with apparently her usual lively manner,

'Il ne faut aimer que pour rire.'

Helen was the only, the idolised daughter, of Major and Mrs. Montague. But how shall I describe this bright being when I first knew her? Her's was a face a painter would have loved to dwell on, and yet her loveliness would have pleased but few: it was too lofty to attract the crowd. Her's was a noble style of beauty: it commanded the homage of the heart; yet, in the home circle, her joyous smile was the point from which all others seemed to draw their happiness. She called herself cold-hearted; for truly she did not love, nor fall in love with all she met; but her's was a love it were happiness to secure.

She had a brother whom she tenderly loved; but he was gay, and seldom at home, and his sister occupied little of his thoughts, beyond the hope that she might make a splendid marriage, and so probably furnish larger means to gratify his dissipated habits. He was a fair, handsome man, and, having wealth at command, gratified every inclination. He was little comfort to his parents, which rendered the contrast of his conduct with the endearing joy his sister diffused the more conspicuous.

At the age of eighteen, Helen had plighted her faith to Henry Dillon. He was some years older than herself, and had loved neither hastily nor easily; but his was a love which, once gained, should have been too highly prized to be cast away from levity or caprice.

Helen was deeply, forcibly attached to him; but her high temper, her

indulged errors, could ill submit to control from the man who had wooed her and won her love. His was no infatuated, no transient passion, that would endure indifference or apparent contempt; and, wishing to render his beloved Helen as faultless in mind as she was lovely in person, he never allowed his attachment to blind him to those errors which in a wife would be more than tormenting. He was too noble in his nature to be jealous; yet he grieved when he saw the woman he held enshrined in his heart trifle with others, and sport with his feelings.

Mrs. Montague would frequently reason with her indulged child, and warn her not to throw a shadow on a prospect of wedded happiness so bright and fair; but a fond kiss, a laughing excuse, or her own saucy winning smile, would silence the anxious mother, and again she would yield to the conviction that so sweet a dispositioned creature must be all she or a husband could wish her.

Henry Dillon was the chosen and approved friend of Major Montague, and though much younger, a congeniality of sentiment and opinions united them. He was in the same regiment; and during a siege, in which he could not absent himself from the command, Henry saved his wife and child, the latter only ten years old, from the flames which were spreading desolation through the camp. He was then an ensign of eighteen, and from that hour became *l'enfant de famille* in Major Montague's happy circle.

The little Helen was his plaything, indulged and caressed by him, as by all who knew her, in every extravagant desire and whim, till at length she believed the earth and its inhabitants were, or ought to be, subservient to her will. She could not, would not bear contradiction. Thus, when, on an occasion now to be related, she was opposed with a severity, perhaps ill-judged, her fate was sealed.

Sir George Crowder, a gay but amiable young man, and a friend of Frank Montague, admired the lovely Helen with all the ardor of an enthusiastic nature. He danced well, sang well, talked well, mimicked well, rode well; in fact, he was the most perfect mirth-inspiring and laughter-loving being in existence. He knew no sorrow beyond a lame horse or a sick dog, and his ideas of happiness consisted in possessing fine hunters, fine dogs, and the beautiful Helen Montague for his wife. The two former he did possess, and the latter he resolved should be his also. He was warm-hearted, generous, and had one of those sunny tempers that no cloud could obscure.

Helen laughed with him, sometimes at him, danced with him, talked with him, mimicked with him, rode with him, and, truth must own, flirted with him; but she loved him not. He was too vain, too conscious of his own advantages, to suspect this mortifying truth; for he thought it impossible that Helen could prefer that 'most august piece of melancholy,' as he named Captain Dillon, to himself.

Henry Dillon frequently remonstrated with Helen upon the impropriety of encouraging Sir George's attentions; and he would silently receive sometimes her laughing excuses, at others her haughty retorts, and would then wear such an air of melancholy sadness, that the amiable girl would repent her giddiness, and, by some endearing expression, or conciliative promise, regain her empire over him, which frequently seemed to totter on the brink of destruction. More than once he offered to withdraw himself and his claim upon her love and compliance, when she would pout her pretty lip and endeavor proudly to smile away the tear that his manly affection and tender remonstrances would cause. But

the tear was seen, the fault forgotten, and Helen was again the bright spot whence all his hopes of happiness were derived.

She was recovering from a sprained ankle, and had thoughtlessly accepted Sir George Crowder's offer to take a drive in his curricle the first morning she went out: the following day was fixed. Dillon entered the room in high spirits: 'My dearest Helen,' he said, 'you must no longer be an invalid; allow me to drive you to Richmond. The grounds are beautiful around the domicile I think of purchasing, and seem arranged with more than common taste: I only wish your decision; and now the time approaches when I shall claim your promise to become my own, I know few spots that can surpass this in rural loveliness.'

Helen's dark star was in the ascendant, and shedding its baleful influence over her destiny: she had not had a sweet lover's quarrel for a week—she had been free from contradiction for some time, and caprice was taking its turn to reign.

'Really, Henry,' she replied, 'I should like to see this wonderfully pretty Elysium, as you think it, but I have made an engagement for to-morrow; so you may say soft things to me to-day, and I will go to Richmond some other day. Positively, it is only three weeks to our marriage, so we ought to *faire l'aimable* to others till then, as we shall only think of ourselves, I suppose, afterwards,' added she, blushing.

'Thank you, thank you, my own Helen, for that dear conclusion; but, dearest, where are you going to-morrow? Knowing you did not receive visitors, and had not been out, I had, with a certainty that you would grant my request, made the appointment. Cannot you put off your engagement to another day?'

'Why—indeed—no—I think not—I—I——Oh! do not tease me. I cannot.'

Henry could not understand her confusion. 'Helen,' he said, 'what is the matter? where are you going? what to do to-morrow?'

'You look, Henry, as astonished and horror-struck as the sudden appearance of the stocking-manufactory struck the mind of Rousseau in the lonely Valley of the Alps, when he had just congratulated himself on finding a spot where man had never been. But to convince you I am neither going to Mr. St. John Long, nor over one of the bridges, I have promised to accompany Sir George Crowder in his curricle to Otlands.'

'By heavens, Helen, you shall not!' cried Henry, as determinately as indignantly.

'Shall not!' repeated Helen; 'Shall not!' again she reiterated. 'I may be wooed, and I may be won; but I will not, never will, be compelled: so I must omit the monosyllable not, and say, I SHALL GO;' and then added, haughtily, 'You see I am not very able to leave the room—I would be alone;' and she took up a volume lying by her, repeating, in a suppressed tone, 'Shall not!'

'Helen,' said Henry, 'hear me. I have no wish to command nor to control; but I implore you, by the love that has been my joy so long, do not trifle with me, nor drive me to madness. Prove your acknowledged affection for me, and relinquish this improper engagement. Sir George Crowder's horses are not very safe; but that is not my only objection; I do not choose (excuse my candor)—I do not wish the woman who is to be my wife, to be paraded about by every frivolous stripling who has effrontery enough to ask, or vanity to expect, acquiescence with his presumptuous proposals.'

Harsher words would too probably have ensued, as Helen commenced defending her favored gay friend from Henry's certainly severe remarks, but Major Montague entering the room, the matter was referred to him. He decided in favor of Henry's wishes; and, with astonishing complacency, Helen said, 'Well, as you wish it, papa, I will yield this point to Henry; but he must not imagine that in Helen Montague he will find a woman who has no will but her husband's.'

'Dearest Helen,' interrupted Henry, accepting her acquiescence as a favor to himself, 'I—'

He was interrupted by the Major leaving the room, and saying, 'Let me entreat you, my children, not to destroy happiness in useless contentions. It is a woman's duty to yield to a husband's wishes; and I know my Helen's mind, and the heart I have formed, too well to believe she will childishly sacrifice her husband's consequence to the silly fear of being suspected of being ruled and obedient to him; and it is equally inconsistent with a generous, well-regulated mind, to use the power intended for comfort, as a torture to the man she has accepted as her future husband.'

As the Major closed the door, Henry took Helen's hand, saying—'Well, dearest, you will act like yourself; promise me not to go with Sir George.'

'Oh! yes, I must promise; but do leave me now—I am tired,' and she coldly withdrew her hand.

Dillon sighed deeply, and left the room.

At dinner the subject was not renewed. In the course of the evening, Helen observing Henry was thoughtful, spiritless, and silent, with her usual sweetness wished to obliterate the painful feelings her pride and levity too frequently excited, said—'Heigho! my love shines not to-night; he is as cold and cloudy as the moon on a stormy night.' This was said with an irresistible smile, as she laid her hand on his, and a shade of melancholy passed over her countenance so few could resist, that certainly it was not in the power of a man like Henry Dillon, in love with the beautiful being who was thus deprecating his displeasure.

They parted that night with the conviction that each was necessary to the happiness of the other.

At the appointed hour on the following day, Sir George was announced. Helen was busy with her flowers, yet more busy thinking how she should excuse herself from accompanying him. She rose with painful confusion, and said, in a hurried voice—'I so much regret, Sir George, I am prevented accompanying you to Otlands; papa insists I shall go with Captain Dillon to Richmond.'

'Rather say, my too lovely friend, that awful piece of sentimentality has forced you into compliance.' It was rare that the gay and really amiable Sir George ever found his temper discomposed; but he had, unavowed even to himself, thrown the chance of his success with Helen on this day's occurrences. He meant to plead with all the warmth of his ardent nature; he meant to astonish her with his skill in horsemanship, in fact, he meant, he resolved to secure his point, and crush the high-raised hopes of his accepted rival.

He would not allow the thought of the dishonorable part he was in fact pursuing to interfere with his wishes. He had too much levity to reflect, and too much love to desist: thus he cast aside all troublesome, obtrusive, or inconvenient objections.

He had ceased speaking rather abruptly, and Helen remained silent,

but looked as she felt, haughtily displeased. He knew her weak point, and he pursued the advantage he saw he had already gained, by adding — 'Forgive, loveliest Miss Montague, the impropriety, the harshness of my expression; believe, however it may blight my proud hopes, I must admire the amiable softness that yields to a lover what a husband only should dare to command;' and a smile of contempt passed over his lips.

'You little know my nature, Sir George,' indignantly replied Helen. 'I should neither yield to the request of a lover, nor the command of a husband, if not consonant with my own wishes and ideas of right.'

'Excusez, ma belle amie,' said the irritated baronet; 'it is your own inconsistency then, not your deference for Captain Dillon, that I must reproach for your broken engagement; but you must pardon me if I feel convinced that this knight of the rueful countenance was authorised to say he was secure, and that you should not accompany me to-day, as he had marked out some other plan.'

'Secure! Secure of me!' exclaimed the now agitated girl, while her countenance expressed all the proud disdain she felt: 'no man shall dare make so humiliating, so false a boast.'

'My sweet friend,' interrupted Sir George, 'I have unintentionally repeated an expression that —'

'Say no more, Sir George; my mind is fixed in its purpose.'

At this unpropitious moment, this moment big with Helen's fate, Sir George's beautiful Arabians were driven to the door. 'Ah, my fellow-sufferers,' said he, 'your elevated spirits, like your master's, are doomed to be humbled. We may return and brood over disappointed anticipations.'

'No, no, Sir George,' said Helen, 'I will accompany you—I shall be ready in an instant,' and she left the room. Sir George, in the exuberance of his feelings at his unexpected success, and satisfied that he should sufficiently mortify his correct and noble-minded rival, little heeded the whispers of conscience which reproached him with so misrepresenting the case to Miss Montague. He had met Captain Dillon the day previously, after Henry's interview with Helen, and cried, 'Ah! Captain Dillon, *comment va la santé*, I am practising my favorites to go a gentle pace, that Miss Montague may not be alarmed. She has promised me the honor of taking a drive with me to-morrow.'

Captain Dillon's open countenance ill concealed the contempt he felt for his boasting tormentor, and could not resist the desire he felt to mortify his arrogance. He replied coolly, 'I think you may be mistaken, Sir; Miss Montague accompanies me to-morrow.'

'Nous verrons,' tauntingly answering Sir George, and he muttered, 'quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a, and this may be proved;' then in a louder voice, he added, 'au revoir,' and drove off, determined to obtain his wish, let it be at what cost it might; and he was but too successful, as we have seen.

'Consummate puppy,' said Henry to himself; I cannot imagine how the high-minded Helen can pass even an hour with this compound of French perfumery and conceit.' Thus the irritated and annoyed Henry could only dissipate his fears and uneasiness by the remembrance of Helen's promise; and so met her, as already described, at dinner.

Unfortunately for the self-devoted Helen, Major Montague was absent on military duty, and her mother, who was slightly indisposed, only saw her when equipped for her drive; and she said, 'I will bring you, dear mamma, the beautiful flowers I ordered yesterday.' She gave no

time for any remark; but hurried down stairs, forgetful or indifferent to the pain her ankle caused her. She returned to the drawing-room, and then accompanied Sir George to the carriage.

At that moment Captain Dillon drove to the door. His countenance became pale as marble, he cast a look of defiance on the exulting Sir George, and, springing forward, seized, rather than took Helen by the hand, saying, 'You surely will not break your promise to me, to your father?'

'To my father, Captain Dillon, I am certainly accountable for my actions; and when I give you a right to demand a promise, then I may tolerate your remonstrance: until then, excuse me questioning the propriety of your present conduct. I am engaged with Sir George Crowder.'

'Sir George,' turning to him, she added, with a forced smile, 'I am ready;' and allowed him to hand her with an air of triumph, to his cur-
ricle.

Helen felt she trembled at the look Henry cast upon her. It was of love, of pity, of despair: but it was one that spoke the purpose of his soul as fixed. He howed, and the exulting Sir George dashed off with the beautiful girl, who, no longer supported by pride and offended feelings, leant back in the carriage and sunk into painful silence. It was in vain Sir George exerted all his wit and flattery, all his exquisite skill in the management of his spirited horses; all was unheeded. She spoke little; yet thought was becoming agony. Helen felt she had done wrong: she had disobeyed, deceived her father; she had insulted the man she loved, and wounded every feeling of his generous and confiding heart. The remembrance of his look chilled the blood in her veins; her heart seemed swelling, so as to render even the slight pressure of her dress painful. Still she pursued her drive, and with affected vivacity endeavored to rally her spirits so as to conceal her sufferings from her companion.

Major Montague, as he was returning home, met Henry driving furiously. He would have passed; but the Major, seeing his countenance so haggard, so wild, cried out, 'Dillon! Henry! what is the matter? speak!'

He then drew in his horses, who, little accustomed to be driven so violently, were with difficulty restrained.

'Excuse me now, Major,' said Henry; 'I will see you in the morning.'

'Stop, stop!' cried the Major: 'my child, my Helen, is she well—has any accident befallen her? Speak! I cannot endure this torturing suspense.'

'She is well and —— happy,' bitterly replied Henry; and I am her victim.'

'Explain, as you value my friendship.'

'Not now, not now, dear Sir; I cannot, dare not trust myself to speak;' and he drove hastily away.

On entering his house, the Major inquired for his daughter, and was informed she had not returned from her drive with Sir George. Major Montague's brow assumed a frown rarely seen on his benignant countenance, desired to see her the instant she returned, and entered his library, sorely lamenting the inconsistency of his darling; but his sorrow was deeply tinged with indignation, that such a man as Dillon should be so trifled with. He resolved to strongly express his resentment and

anger at Helen's conduct; but, as she entered the room, her usual brilliant expression was fled and changed to one so full of sadness, and she looked so meekly melancholy, that the father's love quickly repressed the meditated reproof, and he said, in tender accents, 'My darling child, what ails you?'

'I am only tired, dear papa. I will lie down for half-an-hour, and shall be quite myself again at dinner.'

All Major Montague's angry feelings were revived on seeing Helen in extravagant spirits when they met at table, and he resolved she should mark and feel his displeasure. He remained silent and thoughtful, and took no further notice of her lively manner, than by looking sternly at her.

Mrs. Montague was also evidently depressed. She had heard the circumstance from her husband. Helen alone seemed herself; she had a part to act, and had wound up her feelings to the determination to act it consistently.

On the servants leaving the room, Helen, as if fearing a pause, said, 'Papa, on what are you thinking?' He replied, in the words of Lord Falkland's ancestor, Cary, when Queen Elizabeth asked kindly on what he was thinking. He answered coldly, 'On nothing, so please your highness.'

'Nothing,' repeated the Queen; 'pray, gentle coz., what does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?'

'Please you, royal madam,' rejoined he, with bitter and pointed meaning, 'he thinks on a *woman's promise*.'

So answered Major Montague to his daughter: 'I am thinking on nothing—on your promise; but allow me to inform you, Miss Montague, I will not permit my friend to be insulted with impunity, nor do I expect my wishes, (for, Helen, you have never received commands,) to be slighted. You have broken your faith with your father, and have deeply injured a man, whose only weakness consists in being devoted to a heartless coquette; and believe me, child, that the utmost so unamiable a character can boast is the despicable triumph of having hardened some hearts and broken others. For what and for whom do you sacrifice the bright prospect you have? For an idle gratification, and for a gay, thoughtless young slave to fashion.'

Major Montague's emotion was visible in his quivering lip, but Helen, so unaccustomed to receive aught but affection and praise, was not yet sufficiently humble to say more than—'Indeed, papa, I meant to do, and not to do, as I promised; but positively, when that accomplished whip, with his dear beautiful horses, arrived, my good intentions yielded to their prancing attractions; and, (she added, coloring violently,) Henry's presumption and hauteur are insufferable, and I WILL let him know that no man shall think himself secure of me; but, dearest Padre, I am weary of confession, and ——' but seeing the angry frown deepened upon her father's face, and her mother's eye filled with tears, she hastily continued, 'but do smile again upon your own Helen, and I will behave better in future, and be obedient, and say pretty things to this Hottentot lover, if he will but be more humble,' and with her own peculiar smile she expected to be forgiven; but she felt she did not entirely succeed in dispelling the displeasure from her father's brow, or the tear from her mother's eye, and she left the room, displeased with herself, vexed with her parents, and more irritated than ever with Henry, as to him she attributed all her trouble.

Things were in this state when Edward Montague returned from a sporting excursion. Helen was all heart, and possessed acute feelings. Edward was a man without a heart, the worst of all monsters, or, as was said of Attorney General N—e's, if he had one, 'it was shrunk to the size and consistency of a leathern penny purse.' He wasted his time, his intellect, his power, and his fortune, to profit by the weakness, to subjugate the reason, and play upon the passions and feelings of misguided woman, merely to triumph over her fallen virtue. To pure love and its ennobling sentiments, he was an utter stranger; yet, amongst the many he had ruined, there was one poor suffering creature, who had devotedly loved this heartless being. She early met her fate. When she no longer pleased his capricious fancy, no longer suited his convenience, he left her to fling out her life in sorrow, shame and misery.

Edward Montague had no feeling in common with his family; and finding that Henry and Helen were at variance, he resolved to give every encouragement to Sir George, whose valuable stud would furnish him amusement, and would be at his command should he become Helen's husband.

Winter was now fast approaching. It was usually hailed with pleasure by Major Montague's family, as it was a season of hilarity and festivity, and of social and domestic happiness; yet its approach must awaken, in all reflective minds, emotions of a painful nature. It is the decline of another of those brief periods that mark the passing hours; and in the withered leaf, the stripped branch, the faded flower, in the sad stillness of the birds, in short, the gloom and general decay of all nature, our own fate and decline is strikingly and mournfully felt. But these were not the thoughts of the bright Helen, for bright she was. No other word can convey the idea of her sparkling, speaking smile; and had it not been for a determined look of the eye, a peculiar elevation of the head, none would have supposed her fine gipsy face could be the mirror of a temper so proud and so positive. Her thoughts were, though she would have blushed to own it to herself, occupied in fancying the serenely blissful days that would follow her marriage with Henry; and yet this infatuated, self-willed being, was preparing very different hours than those she anticipated.

The day following her fracas with Captain Dillon he sent up his name, and requested to see her alone. The proud swelling of her heart threw a look of anything but submissive affection in her countenance; and she drew up her finely formed head and neck, and looked as if she felt the earth too mean to bear her. She resolved to show no contrition, no regret; but if Henry were kind, to treat the whole as a jest—if haughty, to retort and retaliate; but her love was too firm not to induce him, before she parted from him (as she had so frequently succeeded in doing before,) to soften his reproaches and subdue his resentment, by saying something conciliatory and affectionate. But that his heart must be teased, and he punished for his arrogance, as she considered his conduct, was a fixed point.

And, alas! who ever turned Helen Montague from her own positive will?

On entering the room, Henry's face perfectly expressed the bitter conflict, the sufferings of his heart. Helen's better feelings were nearly claiming their own influence, and she would have met him kindly, and asked his forgetfulness of the ill-understood past, but in an instant, the humiliating reflection occurred, he 'thinks himself secure of me;' and

she said, with assumed indifference, 'I hope I see Captain Henry Dillon in health, and in a more lover-like and less husband-like mood than he exhibited yesterday.'

Her apparent heartlessness—her affected '*gaité de cœur*,' seemed unnoticed. He replied in an unshaken voice, and in a resolute yet mournful tone, as if her flippancy had not affected him.

'Miss Montague I would be heard—for the last time, heard. I do not intrude upon you to remonstrate; for too well I am taught to know that my influence has passed away: I am disregarded, disclaimed—but dishonored, despised, I never will be!' and Henry proudly drew himself up, and fixed his fine penetrating eye upon her face. 'Never will be,' he repeated. 'I also feel I am not, cannot longer be necessary, or even contributory to your happiness; but if I cannot secure your respect, I will not lose my own. It is not to be my bright destiny to guard you, love you, worship you—nor will I interfere with any one you may invest with these privileges. My wishes, my hopes, my plans, all that was happy centered in you. I blessed you as my guiding star on earth, and fondly dreamed you would have been my own in time and in eternity. I would have been gentle to your errors, and patient to your defects; I would have encouraged your many virtues, and hallowed your image in my soul; but you have scorned, and wrung, and broken a heart that lived for you, and would have died for you. But Helen, with all my heart's fondest devotion, my soul is superior to giving tolerance, even to the woman I would make a wife, to make a toy of me. May your many excellencies meet their reward; and may a brighter, happier love than mine sanctify and bless your union!

'Helen! I resign the proud hope of calling you mine. Yes—I resign you—and forever.'

This was uttered with so suppressed a voice, that, to one who was not prejudiced, it must have been evident the struggle was almost too agonising to endure. But the proud Helen ill could endure the humiliation of being rejected: her haughty soul was suffocating with complicated feelings; yet, fearful she should betray the anguish of her sorrowing heart, she made one desperate effort. Her eyes, had Henry sought them, would have told a truer tale than her demeanor, when she suddenly started up, singing,

'Vous ne voulez m'aimer
Eh! bien ne m'aimez pas
J'n'aurai du regret
Mais, je n'en mourai pas.'

She then coldly and negligently added—'As it is so, Monsieur Le Capitaine, let us to dinner with what appetite we may.' She could not much longer have supported her part; and she would have left the room but he grasped her wrist with a violence that made her slightly scream. For the moment his self-command was gone. She dared not look at him; she knew his eye was fixed upon her; she felt her color vary; she dreaded the next word; she seemed bound as with a chain. At that moment Daphne's fate would have been bliss: her hands shook; she breathed with painful difficulty; she felt choking, and her agony so extreme, she was nearly fainting. She felt she was losing the man she loved, from a pride which, though it supported her now, she knew would leave her heart desolate and a wreck hereafter. The poor girl would have become insensible, had not the voice of Henry aroused her from the stupor into which she was sinking.

'Woman!' he exclaimed as he painfully wrung her little hand.

She raised not her eye. She felt his nervous grasp relax. Again he spoke.

'Helen, Helen! oh, God, is this the heart I prayed to be my own? Is this the woman I would have taken to my bosom?' Again his voice shook, his whole frame trembled; but starting, as if ashamed of his weakness, and releasing her hand, he cried, 'Helen, I thank you.' Again his love, the softness of his affection asserted its empire, and he clasped her in his arms, pressed her to his throbbing heart, kissed her pale cheeks and lips, and, in heart-broken accents, crying, 'Bless you, bless you!' burst into tears, and wildly darted from the room, leaving almost lifeless the form of her he loved, on the sofa from which he had raised her.

Could this self-devoted, self-destroyed girl have uttered one word, one word only, it would have been to supplicate reconciliation. The pride which had succeeded his dignified resentment sunk before his manly sorrow. Tears are the natural expression of feminine grief and tenderness. The sterner mind of man disdains such indulgence of softer feelings. From the noble heart they must be wrung by the intensest agony. All this Helen felt, as a tear from his eye fell on her cheek in his farewell embrace. It was now she knew the real extent of her attachment to Henry, and the power he had obtained over her; but it was too late. He was gone,—gone forever.

Such were the occurrences which had taken place twelve months previous to the conversation with which this tale commences.

From the hour that Henry Dillon became a heart-broken exile, Helen's life was one continued scene of ACTING.

It is not immediately after we have determined on a great sacrifice or a painful effort, that we feel the misery and burthen we have to bear. The first feeling is satisfaction within ourselves when resolving to do what is right, and that feeling raises us for a time above our true strength. Thus it was with poor Helen, whose only refuge now was the indulgence of that pride which had been so fatal to her.

She felt her dream of happiness was over, and that she had nothing but the recollection of its bright and blissful hours to cheer her remaining life. Her youth, her beauty, her talents, her love, were scorned and abandoned by the only heart she had ever sought to gain, and which she had lost from her own unbending pride. But she resolved to fulfil her destiny without shrinking; and well was she seconded by her heartless brother (who hated and envied Henry for his superiority) to complete her sacrifice.

Twelve months had now elapsed. Helen and her mother were sitting one morning in their favorite 'pink room,' when Major Montague entered. He had become an altered, a melancholy being; for grievously had he been disappointed. The child of his love had ceased to be his pride; she was no longer the bright endearing Helen, diffusing gaiety and happiness by her sweet smile; she had ceased to be the joy of her father's home.

The Major entered with his accustomed sad and slow step, and took a seat without speaking; but looked fondly, yet reproachfully, on his child.

There are in the heart, recesses so deep as to be impenetrable even to the tender searching of a parent's eye. Helen was pale and thin, and no longer gay; but no one suspected the true state of her heart; and in

the affianced bride of Sir George Crowder, no one could have thought she was secretly pining, wasting, and suffering from love without hope.

After a silence of some moments, Major Montague said, 'Is next Thursday really the day fixed for your nuptials, Helen?'

She bowed her head.

'My child, may you never repent the step. Your brother, alas! is not the one I would have selected—is not the person to depend on in establishing a sister's happiness. I believe Sir George to be amiable; but has he, do you think, the properties, the stability that will secure my Helen's happiness?'

'I may be happy enough, papa,' she answered, in a suppressed tone; 'and you know, dearest father, in some societies hearts are useless things. I shall seek to move in one of them; it will not be a difficult task to find it.' The unbidden tear started to her eye.

The distressed father left the room without further remark. He that morning received a letter from the dying Henry. Yes, Henry Dillon was dying. He frequently wrote to the Major, but never mentioned Helen; and the father could not so compromise the pride of his high-minded child as to offer his once rejected daughter again to his acceptance: yet he felt too surely that both were destroying their own hopes of happiness in this life; and Henry was returning, as he said, to make final arrangements previous to his leaving England forever.

On the Major having quitted the apartment, Mrs. Montague addressed her daughter. 'My Helen,' said she, 'my heart's comfort, do not cast away your every hope by this marriage. I fear a lingering love still exists in your bosom. Is it then like my Helen to give herself up to one and love another? Can she hope Heaven's blessing can sanctify such a union?'

'Mother, forbear; say no more, search no further. Do you think I could bend to him. No, rather would I lay down this aching head and resign the life he has embittered. Yes, mother, I own it, embittered; I never shall, never can be happy: but the Henry I loved, and the Henry who cast me away when he had alarmed all a woman's dearest pride, (and that pride alone spoke), is not worth regretting.'

This conclusion was pride's last triumphant effort. The wish to feel as she spoke, raised bitter remembrance in the mind of the poor heart-sorrowing girl: she burst into a passionate and violent flood of tears,—a rare occurrence for poor Helen, who seldom sought this relief.

Had a propitious fate brought these two self-sacrificed lovers together at that moment, they had never parted.

Helen soon recovered her usually indifferent manner, and resumed, 'Mother, I will never allow Sir George to find his confidence misplaced. In all but heart I will do the duty of a wife, and he shall never have cause to repent having intrusted his honor to my care.' As Helen resolved, so she would have kept her resolution.

Had she allowed her better feelings to conquer her ruling passion, pride, she would have avoided the fatal error of giving a devoted and pre-engaged heart to a man, who, though he had many faults, so truly loved her and deserved a better fate; but her haughty spirit could not endure the humiliating thought that the world should suppose the once envied Helen Montague was sunk into a pitied love-sick girl. Thus she sealed her fate.

Brightly rose the sun on the day that was to behold the beautiful

Helen a bride; yet all in seeing her, though few could surmise why, thought

'How soft is beauty's form when touched with woe.'

She was truly one of nature's loveliest growth; but the cankering worm of grief, of deeply hidden sorrow, of a sadness that hope could not reach, was visible in her pale countenance, and made it sadly evident that she strove, as Barry Cornwall so beautifully expresses it,

'With that unslumbering serpent, blighted love.'

AND YET HELEN WAS A BRIDE.

Many were the guests that accompanied this lovely being to the altar on which she was sacrificed; many and bright were the glittering jewels that adorned the victim; many the smiles that graced the faces of the surrounding beauties; many the hopes that swelled the hearts of those present.

The usual parade and pomp attended this hapless marriage. The prancing horses bore away the bride and her exulting husband, and left that blank in the desolated home of her youth, which the happiest marriages never fail to produce.

A few weeks passed rapidly away. Helen was no longer the child of nature. Art held the entire command; but it could not conceal, it was not longer to be concealed, that she was very ill. Her figure daily became more fragile, and her sweet face was pale and faded. Poor Sir George, who loved more ardently than could have been expected from his volatile disposition, was distracted. He lost no time, but without announcing their intention, returned to town, that Helen might immediately consult the physicians, and Sir George Crowder's residence not being completed, they drove to Major Montague's.

Both he and Mrs. Montague were absent when they arrived. Helen rested in the drawing-room a few minutes, and then, leaving Sir George to visit the stable, she hurried to her former apartments to hide in solitude the tide of sorrowing emotions which were agitating her heart, and, if possible, array her face in smiles long strangers to it, to meet her beloved parents as much like her former self as might be.

She opened the door, and hastily entered her former dressing-room. A sight met her gaze which transfixed her to the spot, harrowed up her very soul, and almost chilled to death every weakening faculty. On a couch, supported by pillows, lay the pale exhausted form of the dying Henry Dillon. Yes, poor proud Helen, the dying Henry!

He felt his life wasting, fast closing, and he implored and prevailed on his friend to allow him to breathe his last sighs where so many of his happiest hours had been past—in Helen's own morning room, her favorite 'pink room.'

Major Montague, not conceiving that his daughter would return for some weeks, indulged his unfortunate friend in his wishes.

Thus the two so loved by each other, again most fatally met.

Nature, once again in all her force, exerted her influence over the ill-fated Helen, and she exclaimed, falling on her knees, and taking his cold thin hand in her own, 'Oh Henry! dear, dear Henry, forgive; I deserve, but do not, do not curse me.'

'Curse you, Helen! Such curses as Heaven sheds on dying saints, as mothers give their infants, and happy husbands pray for their brides. Such, such, Helen, I pray for thee.' He pressed her feebly to his heart, fell back fainting, and that hue never to be mistaken, spread over his wasted countenance.

Helen felt his fond pressure relax: she shrieked for help; she forgot all. Husband, father, mother, all were forgotten in Henry. Henry only was in her heart; and the Henry she so loved, he was dying, and that she herself had caused this blight of all most precious to her own soul.

Her mother at this moment burst into the room, in time to save the wretched girl from falling. Henry's arm could no longer support even his loved Helen. She was borne from the room insensible. Happy had consciousness never again dawned; for she awoke to a horror her nature could not sustain. HENRY DILLON WAS DEAD!

Little remains to be told of my sad tale.

It was too evident Helen herself was dying. Youth, loveliness, talent, all that graces life and renders it dear and happy, were fast departing.

Her parents in fond moments called her their lily. She was now, indeed, a broken lily. A hectic tinge would occasionally revive hope, and death seemed lingering over this drooping flower, as if reluctant to take so fair and lovely a blossom to his cold embrace.

She shed no tear, and her soft sighs breathed resignation. All her earthly hopes had long left her heart in desolateness; and that most direful of all feelings, REMORSE, gave the final blow. Her hours of trial were near a close, and she humbly trusted that in heaven she should meet the being she loved.

Scarcely six weeks had elapsed since Helen had become the wife of Sir George Crowder. She was then in the full glow of youth and beauty. She, from ill-regulated feelings and ideas, as fatal as false, of high-minded pride, had prepared that cup of bitterness which now she had drained to the very dregs.

She was reclining upon the same bed, on which, in smiling youth and health, her guiltless frame had reposed. Her sorrowing parents were supporting her nearly lifeless form. Poor Sir George, whose vivacity was subdued in sorrow, was silent with real heartfelt agony. Helen was shading her dimmed eyes with her fair wasted hand, and sunk into a momentary slumber. Then, starting from her short repose, she asked to be raised; and, after several painful efforts, said—'Sir George—dear Sir George, do not regret my death; you have been kind—always kind and indulgent to me. May some happier being deserve you, and realise the hopes I never ought to have given—oh! it is bitter to think it, only gave to afflict another. Forgive me—'

Sir George pressed her hands; he could not speak.

She resumed—'Dearest mother—dearest father—do not sorrow; I alone should grieve—I have brought all this misery on every one; I never had a wish ungratified. You both were too indulgent, and yet it is I, your favored child, who has reduced you to this grief. Bless and pardon your greatly erring child. Oh! may my fate warn the many heedless, who pursue the ruinous path I have trodden, to so sad an end. I have a wish—' She faltered; a slight blush passed over her face.—'Sir George, will you grant it? I——,' she hesitated painfully, 'I would be laid in my own family vault; for there rests the remains of him I destroyed—of Henry Dillon.'

The wretched husband started—a flush of momentary anger tinged his cheek; but he bowed assent, and a mournful silence ensued.

Helen now breathed with difficulty; her last effort seemed her *last*—she could add little more.

Who that now beheld this dying girl, would have recognised the gay,

the happy, the lovely Helen Montague, in the wasted, heart-broken Lady Crowder.

For an instant she revived.—‘Mother—pity—mercy’—lingered on the quivering lip. She sighed softly, and the beautiful, the bright Helen, was as a clod of the valley.

‘She was my friend who died.’

SONNET.

Methought, upon a sullen ocean tost,
The batter'd hull of an old vessel lay,
Drifting to rearward darkness far away;
Till, presently, a gallant shallop crost
Th' horizon's line, and at a moment's cost,
Shot to the wreck with streaming pennons gay;
Some left it and were sav'd, while others, gray
With madness clung to ruin and were lost.

'Tis well, quoth I, awaking, as the bell
Filled with a merry peal the morning clear,
This vanish'd dream of mine should surely tell
The fortunes of the old and coming year.
Our joys are on another voyage bound,
And with the last year's wreck our sorrows drown'd.
